

THE
LADIES TALES:

Exemplifying the
VIRTUES and *VICES*
OF THE
QUALITY.
WITH
REFLECTIONS.

The THIRD EDITION.

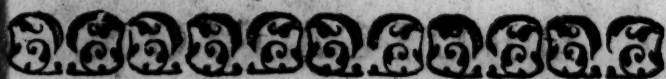
L O N D O N :

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TO HER

G R A C E

The DUTCHESS of
MARLBOROUGH.

M A D A M,

 No sooner thought of publishing the following Treatise, than I consider'd that no Protection but your Grace's cou'd so well recommend the Characters that adorn an Accomplish'd LADY to the World.

It is not only my Unhappiness that I cou'd not approach you myself to lay it at your

A 2

Grace's

iv DEDICATION.

Grace's Feet, 'tis the Unhappiness of my Country. Your Absence is a General Calamity: For besides the Glorious Example of your Charity and Goodness, which were sufficient of it self to have restor'd those Virtues to a Nation to which they are so entirely lost; How many Families, how many Orphans and Widows, how many distress'd People continue still Miserable, by missing the Bounteous Hand that was always stretch'd out to relieve them!

*The Misfortune aggravates the Guilt of those who oblig'd you to seek that Quiet Abroad, which Malice and Envy deny'd
you*

DEDICATION. v

you at Home. I have affected, Madam, to pay this particular Homage to your Grace's Humanity, and Charity, for that you have industriously endeavour'd to have no other Satisfaction in doing good, than what the Pleasure of doing so, gives to your Noble Mind.

*It was impossible for your Grace to be so much a Benefit to your Country, and not to be extreamly solicitous to have its Happiness secured to Posterity, that the Illustrious Off-spring which have descended from you, may enjoy that Precious Liberty, in the Defence of which their Victorious Father fought so many Battles, and gain'd so
many*

iv DEDICATION.

many Conquests. These Generous Sentiments have made all True BRITONS look on your Grace's Enemies as Enemies to Them, and to see, with the utmost Indignation, the Baseness of such unparallel'd Ingratitude.

That your Grace may long live as happily as the Prayers of all good Men can make you, is mine, Madam, with the greatest Zeal and Devotion, who am, may it please your Grace,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most devoted Servant.

To

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

TH E Occasion of my troubling you, gentle Reader, with any Prefatory Harangue, was the Objections made by a Gentleman of extraordinary Merit in the Poetic World, and of a very distinguish'd Taste and Judgment, against what I have spoken on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, when I call it a *very ill Play*; for tho' he allow'd it to be a *faulty Play*, he cou'd not agree, that it was a *very ill Play*.

For fear therefore, that I may meet with the same Objection from other good Judges, when this Book appears now in Public, I think myself oblig'd to explain what I mean by an *ill Play*.

I am of Opinion, that all Plays are justly brought under that Denomination, that are eminently defective in the Fable, the Manners, and the Sentiments. That the *Cid*
is

is so, is beyond a Contradiction prov'd by the Royal Academy of Sciences, in their Censure of this Tragedy of *Corneille*. And it is the Opinion of one of the brightest Genius's of the present Time, That there is not a Sentiment in all *Chémene's* Part, that is the natural Result of the Passions. It must be allow'd that there is a great deal of Fire and Spirit in the Original ; but then it is the Poet, and not the Dramatic Person, that speaks almost every where.

To diminish the Absurdities of his Plot, it has been urg'd by some Gentlemen (who tho' above the abandon'd Taste of the Town themselves, do yet occasionally too much conform to it in their Censures) that the Plot may be design'd by a Man of little or no Genius ; and that the Plot is no more than the Out-lines in Painting ; but that the Writing, and Working up the Passions, the drawing the Characters, and the Diction, are

are the distinguishing Excellencies of a Genius.

First, I must deny that one Instance can be given, that any Man without a great Genius can draw a *Fable* or *Plot* of any Value or Excellence. Next, if we shou'd allow, that the forming the Plot is no more than the drawing the Out-lines in a Piece of History-Painting, yet wou'd this very Concession prove, that it is the most Masterly, and the most difficult Part of the Painter's Art : For in drawing the *Out-lines*, the Master Painter employs himself, whereas the filling them up in their proper Colours, Shades and Lights, is perform'd by the Journey-men. All that is Great, all that is Noble, all that is the Object of Fear and Compassion, is mark'd out and design'd in the Out-lines : Not only the Correspondence of the Parts, the Attitudes, and all that must shine in the Colours, is design'd in them, but the very Lines of the Passions of the
parti-

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particular Figures. So that I believe it will be very easily granted, that the Out-lines are the principal Talent of Painting, requiring the greatest and most sublime and capacious Genius, supported with a vast Imagination, and directed by a Judgment of the first Magnitude.

I flatter myself, that in the same manner it will be granted, by all who are acquainted with the Art of the *Drama*, that the Drawing the *Fable* or *Plot* (as we call it) requires as great a Genius and Judgment; since in that Draught are Design'd the whole Conduct, Incidents, Characters, Passions, and I may say Sentiments of the future Tragedy. If indeed we mean such Plots, as we usually find in our Plays, as in *Tamurlane's*, *Jane Shore's*, &c. I shou'd easily allow them to be far unworthy of a great Genius; since they are but indigested Dialogues very lamely tack'd together. But to draw such *Fables*, as the Ancients did, and according to the Rules which *Aristotle* has left us, is not the Task of every *Versifier*, tho' Master of as smooth Numbers, and happiness of Diction, as ever set up Want of Merit in the Opinion of this Town.

But

But I shall suspend a farther Disquisition of this Matter, till I shall publish a Discourse particularly on this Subject; and shall here conclude, whatever Beauty of Diction or Spirit there may be in the Original *Cid*, it is all lost in the Version; so that by this Means we have the Faults and Absurdities of *Corneille*, but none of his Excellence.

As for the rest of the Book, I shall only inform you, That the former part of it is to do Justice to that Charming Sex, which adds so much *Sweet* or so much *Bitter* to the Lives of Men, in proving that it is no Defect in the Sex, if the Ladies are less commonly Eminent in the Moral and Political Virtues, and the Knowledge of Arts and Sciences. I have, to make this Defence the more Just, put into the Mouth of *Eumathia*, the Words of *Anna Maria Van Schurman*, which she wrote in Vindication of her Sex, and to prove that Learning was fit for a Maid to apply her Mind and Study to.

But I have not contented my self to give her Reasons, but have added many Examples, especially from Holy Writ,

Writ, to confirm every Point that is advanc'd. I have ventur'd to alter some things in *Vanschurman's* Apology, which were founded on the old *Ptolemaic* System, and the old School Philosophy, to which I have given a more modern Turn.

The other Part of the Book consists of an Enquiry into the most valuable Quality of a Wife; or what is the surest Tie to a Husband's Affections. Each Party delivers her Reasons for her Opinion, and confirms them with a Story, to add the weight of Fact to her Reasons.

Let my own Opinion be what it will, the World must and will determine the Fate, if not the Merit of the Performance; and it is in vain for an Author to repine at what he has chosen to run the risque of, by venturing into the Publick: So Read, and Censure as you think fit; for if it please or entertain thee any way, I have gain'd my *Point*.

THE

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THE LADIES TALES.

HEN a Writer goes never so little out of the common Way, he is look'd on as one that is fond of advancing of Paradoxes, by those who treat him with the greatest Moderation; so that I shall not be in the least surpriz'd if I am used in the same Manner, when I am endeavouring to shew the Excellence and Capacity of the FAIR SEX. Yet I have this Advantage in my Undertaking, that the Proofs I bring are the Discourses themselves of some Ladies upon this Subject, which I shall fairly represent as a faithful Historian, and no profess'd Advocate of the Cause.

I past great Part of the last Summer in *Kent*, at the House of my good Friend Sir *Clement Clearfight*, with whom, and his Lady and Daughter, taking a small Journey cross the Country, a little off *Seven-Oak*, just against a very noble Pile of Building, the Mansion of an illustrious Peer of this Kingdom, the Axletree of the Coach happen'd to break, which oblig'd Sir *Clement* and his Family, by one of his Servants, to beg
B shelter

shelter in his Lordship's Seat, till Things cou'd be repair'd to carry them on their Journey.

This Message soon brought the hospitable Lord of the Soil, his Lady and the rest of the Company to the Gate, both to welcome their unexpected Guests, and to see whether no harm had come to any of our Company ; which indeed we all escap'd but Sir *Clement's* Gouty Foot, which had met with a small Contusion, but of no Manner of Consequence except the immediate Pain, which the agreeable Conversation this Accident had thrown us into, and a Bottle of my Lord's good Wine, soon remov'd.

I was not at all surpriz'd (when I reflected where I was) at so much good Sense and Wit in a Mansion so long consecrated to the Muses, and their Protection. The present Possessor proving by the Quickness of his Wit and Apprehension, Solidity of his Judgment, Fineness of his Taste, with his distinguishing Candour and Affability of Tempers, his hereditary Right to the Merits of his Father's Mind, as much as to his Honours and Estate. In short, as no Manly Grace is wanting in him, so is there no Ornament necessary to render a Lady capable of making a Figure in the foremost Rank of the *Fair Sex*, but what is very conspicuous in the Face and Person of his Countess, and evident in her Mind from the Excellence of her Conduct. She has Beauty enough to make an Ideot enchanting, and Wit enough to give the strongest Charms to Deformity ; and the Evenness and Complaisance of her Humour to make her infinitely agreeable, had she neither Wit nor Beauty.

Had

*Had She no Wit, each conquering Grace
 Must all Mankind controul;
 Had she no Beauties in her Face
 Her Wit must wound the Soul.
 But Nature gave her Wit in such Excess,
 As if she wou'd all other Charms deny;
 And yet she gave her Beauties numberless,
 That might the greatest Dearth of Wit supp'y.*

Such were our Host and Hostess, nor were the
 Guests unworthy of them, Sir *Clement* is a Gen-
 tleman of a good Estate, and deserves to have
 it, because he dare use it, yet with all the just
 Oeconomy that Wisdom requires. He is a
 Scholar, but no Pedant; and he has had a pe-
 culiar Fancy to breed his Daughter to Letters,
 nor has she been an ill Scholar of good a Master,
 Nature having prepar'd her with a good Under-
 standing. Her Name is *Eumathia*, about the
 Age of Twenty-one, and very averse to Mar-
 riage, lest the Incumbrance of a Family should
 deprive her of the Enjoyment of her Books,
 and clog her earnest pursuit of Knowledge.

There was present likewise *Gallona*, the only
 Daughter of a wealthy Gentleman, who had
 bred her always in Town, from whence, and
 the perpetual Address to her Beauty, which was
 extraordinary, she had contracted a Sort of Co-
 quetry; yet so qualify'd by a curious Address,
 that it seem'd to lose its disagreeable Quality,
 and pass only for a handsom Assurance. *Cal-
 lona*, notwithstanding her Beauty, was much
 above the Common Rate, had her Share of Wit
 and Sense, yet was so fond of the Perfections of

her Person, that on these, not on the Endowments of her Mind, she chiefly valued herself.

Anchinoia on the other hand, who wanted not Charms of Person, set the greatest Esteem on her Wit, which Quality she prefer'd to all other engaging Qualities of the Sex. She was a Bishop's Daughter, and thoroughly acquainted with all the Books of Wit and Poetry that are to be found in our Language.

Among the Rest there was graceful Lady about Forty (as I understood on Enquiry) tho' her Appearance was not without very engaging Charms. Her Countenance was open, sweet and smiling; and no unquiet Thoughts had made the least Wrinkle in her Forehead. The Company call'd her *Philophrosyne*.

To these I must add the grave Matron *Proxima*, in whose Face were the visible Lineaments of Prudence and Discretion; and this was Sir *Clement's* Lady, who was a most excellent Wife and tender Mother; yet her Tenderness to her Child was temper'd with Prudence from that faulty Fondness, that is often of so fatal a Consequence to the unhappy Children of imprudent Parents.

To these Ladies, I must join my Lord, Sir *Clement*, and *Misogamus* an old Batchelor, and myself. The Characters of my Lord and Sir *Clement*, I have already given you, and my own is as improper for me to particularize, as here not at all necessary, as having no Share in the Discourse. *Misogamus* I have told you was an old Batchelor, and retain'd his Aversion to the Sex to the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age, that is to this Day. He will not allow a *Woman* capable of any Perfections, always saying, she

she has Accomplishments enow if she can keep herself clean and dry, and be as little impertinent as possible. And this indeed was the Occasion or Rise of all the following Dispute.

Sir *Clement* had not been long an Inhabitant of that Country, and very much confin'd by the Gout all the Time he had been there, which had depriv'd him of the Honour of an early Acquaintance with my Lord; which, with his being a Stranger to the rest of the Company, was the Reason that the Character and fine Qualities of *Eumathia* were wholly unknown to them, till Enquiry happen'd to be made into what *Plays* had been lately play'd, and what we were to expect the following Season?

The *Distress'd Mother* was mention'd with its just Praise, by my Lord, and allow'd by the whole Company.

I must agree with your Lordship, said *Eumathia*, that the *Distress'd Mother* is an excellent Play, and that the *French* Author, how great soever in his own Country, has receiv'd a great deal of Advantage from Mr. *Philip's* Genius; for I must be so partial to my Countryman, as to declare, that *Racine's Andromache* seems to me to want that Force and Energy, which indeed may be peculiar to our Island. In these modern Times we have had Men of great Genius in the Expressions of the Manners, Sentiments and Language; but we have had very few, who understood the forming of a Uniform and Noble Design. So that our Authors have been happy in Writing to the Fancy, but by a very mistaken Notion have neglected, or not studied the Writing to the Judgment; but Mr. *Philips* has discharg'd both these incumbent

Duties of a great Poet with an admirable Felicity.

But then, my Lord, we soon suffer'd sufficiently from other Hands by this Gentleman's Success : For the little Scriblers who had a smattering in *French*, imagin'd an enervate Translation of those Poets wou'd do the Business. Thro' this false Notion the Town was immediately visited with the *Heroick Daughter*, a wretched Transcript from a very ill Play of *Corneilles*, call'd the *Cid*, most justly censur'd by the Academy of Sciences in *France*. Next the *Cinna* of the same Poet was taught *English* to plague us, though it wanted the very Essential of Tragedy *Action*. I hear we are like this Winter to see again *Racine's Iphigenia in Aulis*, which was acted some Years ago, as I have been inform'd. I have, indeed, often wonder'd that so judicious a Poet as *Racine*, should leave out, perhaps, the most beautiful Quarrelling Scene that ever was, between *Agamemnon* and *Menalaus*, in that Play of *Euripides*, and substitute one of a much inferior Character between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*.

The whole Company were wonderfully surprized at this Discourse of a young Lady on so nice a Subject, and to hear it discharg'd with so much Judgment and true Taste of Dramatic Poetry. I know not (said my Lord) the Capacity or Genius of the present Undertaker of *Iphigenia*, and therefore I shall leave his Censure to Time and the Town. But I cou'd forgive worse Plays than we have had, cou'd we but now and then be made Amends by a *Cato*, which is a Proof that the Spirit of Tragedy is not yet lost among us, since that Play has not only receiv'd

ceiv'd the universal Applause of our own Nation (two or three Hypercritics excepted) but of *France* itself; for an eminent Member of the *French Academy* is translating it into the Purity of that Tongue.

The whole Company join'd with my Lord in his Praise of the incomparable *Cato*, and after all had done, *Eumathia* added, That since *Shakespeare*, no Man had yet discover'd so strong and masculine a Genius. I am not, said she, at all affected with the rude and mad Criticisms of the *Remarks*, a Book evidently born of the Spleen and Malice, not to say of Envy; and is so far from being written after the Manner of *Aristotle*, *Longinus* or *Dacier*, that the Author dwindles into wretched lewd Puns, and seems more ambitious of the Reputation of a merry Drole, than of a judicious Critic.

Well (assum'd) Sir *Clement*, I hear that we are to have a Rival of *Cato* this Winter, in the Mistress of one of our Kings, and one of our Noblemen. He has chosen an Heroine, said *Misogamus*, that till now never arose above a Penny Doggrel, or a *Bartholomew-Fair* Droll; and was always look'd on to be on a Foot with *Bateman's Ghost*, and *Whittington* Lord Mayor of *London*.

I confess (said *Eumathia*) my Quarrel to this Play is the same it was to the *Fair-Penitent*, in giving his Heroine not weak Failings, the unhappy Effect of violent Passions, but those scandalous Crimes, that every Woman of Honour detests, and justly thinks herself incapable of committing, and therefore can never afford an Adulterous Prostitute their Pity for her Sufferings, tho' never so great or terrible; and a Subject
that

that can by no Means move our Pity, can never be proper for Tragedy, whose End and Aim is, and ought to be, to stir up *Compassion* and *Terror*. She was too low in the Station of Life for a Place in Tragedy, and was only raised from the Obscurity of her Birth by her Criminal Affair with *Edward IV.* and *Hastings*. Sure our Poet must think our History very barren of noble Examples in our Sex, when he must pick up the most abandon'd for his Heroine. And indeed, a Vice that has its proper Punishment in *Bridewell*, ought not to meet with that of the Stage.

Madam, (said my Lord, when he found she had done speaking) whatever Obligations the Town may have to the Poet for his Play I don't know; but I am sure we have very great ones to him for giving you Occasion of speaking so well against it. It is the more surprizing in a Lady, because Criticism is a Study, that very few of the fair Sex will trouble themselves with, as affording more Pleasure to the Understanding than to the Fancy. So much Learning as you have shewn already, Madam, is a Proof that Sir *Clement* has not that Opinion of the Capacity of your Sex, which *Misogamus* has always declar'd.

My Lord, (said Sir *Clement*) this is all the Children it has pleas'd Heaven to leave me, and finding her Inclinations bent very much that way, I have omitted nothing to improve her Knowledge and Judgment in every Part of Literature, which she discover'd any Desire of knowing.

Allowing the Lady (said *Misogamus*) all the Praises your Lordship gives her, as they are indeed her due, yet an Exception to my general Rule,

Rule, will never make me quit my Opinion, That Woman was never designed by Nature for Acquisitions in Knowledge; and that those Smatterings which they sometimes glean up, only serve to make them the more impertinent and troublesome, as wanting that Poise of Judgment which is necessary either to make Learning useful or valuable. I speak this with Restriction from all this fair Assembly, which indeed, without Compliment, fall not within my Reflection.

I must extremely differ from you, (assum'd Sir Clement) and I doubt not but that I can sufficiently make it out, That Women are capable of the highest Improvements, and the greatest Glory to which Man can be advanced.

If the Authority of a Man of Learning and Experience in the World will be of any Force, I would from *Plutarch* urge the Truth of my Assertion, who upon the Death of the excellent *Leontide*, had a Discourse with his Friends on the equal Virtue of Man and Woman; and he doubts not, but that if he were to compare their Lives and Actions with each other, he could make it appear that, as *Sappho's* Verses were equal in Excellence to those of *Anacreon*, so that *Semiramus* was fully as Magnificent as *Sesostris*, *Tanaquilla* as Politic as King *Servius*, and *Portia* as full of Courage as *Brutus* himself. He might have added, that *Arria* led the Way to *Pætus*, and shew'd him how to die with Contempt of the Tyrant's Power, whose Envy of their Happiness had commanded them to put an End to their Lives. Not what I feel (said she, when she had stabb'd herself by Nero's Order) is painful to me, but what thou *Pætus* must feel when thou strikest the fatal Blow in thy own
 dear

dear Bosom: Exceeding him both in Courage and Love.

What shall I say of *Zenobia*, who maintain'd herself in the Kingdom of *Palmyra* many Years, till forced to yield to the Fortune of *Rome*, and the Power of *Aurelian*?

But let us turn our Eyes to the Holy Scriptures, and see if we can there find this notable Superiority in Nature of *Man* above *Woman*, I mean in their Capacities and Faculties. *Moses* assures us, that *Woman*, as well as *Man*, was created after the Image of God. If *Man* were endow'd with a rational, free and immortal Soul, so was *Woman*. If there was in *Man* a due and right Knowledge of God's Nature, Will and Works, and a Conformity and Agreement with God in Will, Appetites, Motions and Actions, so there was in *Woman*. If *Man* was placed in a State of Dominion and Happiness, so was *Woman*: Both were made by the same Omnipotent Hand, and after the same Eternal Idea; the Subjection was only the Punishment of her Fall, and not the Defect of her Nature. The Soul knows no Difference of Sex; the Soul therefore knowing no Subordination on Account of the Sex, we must observe, that the *Woman's* Body is made Organical like that of the *Man*, as to the Soul; so that there is nothing that puts a Bar to the Soul's Operations, to render it less Perfect and less Capable; for they are endow'd with the same Faculties and Powers.

I am not ignorant that many of the Antients have spoken much to the Reproach of the whole Sex; as that they are weak in Council, deficient in Courage, extreme and inordinate in their Passions; mutable in their Wills, and unfit to rule

or

or manage public Affairs. For this Reason not only the *Parthians* and *Thracians* esteem'd and us'd them as Slaves, but the politer *Greeks* despis'd them, and the *Romans* made Laws in their prejudice, some of which call the Government of Women a *Prevarication of Nature*; and other Laws have appointed them Guardians even in grown Age and Widowhood. Against all these we shall need no other Proof than the Examples of *Women* who have attain'd the highest Glory for public Virtue: For if some of the Sex have been so, I maintain by my Propositions That the Sex is capable of being so.

What Excellence is there in *Man*, which we have not seen shine out with equal Glory in *Woman*? Is it *Wisdom*, *Discretion* or *Policy*? It was the Character the Scripture has given of *Abigail*, That she was a Woman of good Understanding, and of a beautiful Countenance; and her Story all along makes good the first Part of this Character. Her Husband was a churlish rich Fool, and had poorly and unadvisedly thrown himself into the Rage of *David* in Arms. The Servants knowing *Nabal* to be incapable of good and wholesome Advice, one of them therefore acquaints his Lady with what had happen'd: She presently apprehends the Danger, and prevents it. She commands some of the Family to attend her, and with a rich Present in her Hand, meets *David*, now on the Way to *Nabal's* House, full of Resolution to destroy it. She is so perfectly skill'd in the Manner how to frame her Deportment and Speech, that she soon softens the enrag'd Soldier. As soon as she sees *David*, she, with the utmost Haste, throws herself from her Horse, and bows

bows herself to the Ground before him, falling down at his Feet, and mitigating his Wrath with her Prudence, obtain'd a Defender of him, that was coming to be the Destroyer of her and her Family.

In the Town of *Abel* (in *David's Wars*) there lived another *Wise Woman*: For this Town had rashly taken Part with *Sheba*, and entertain'd him who had been the very Head of the Rebels. *Joab* lays Siege to this Town, and was near taking it by Storm: Then, cry'd this Wise Woman out of the City, *Hear! hear! say, I pray you, to Joab, Come near hither, that I may speak with thee*; and having thus obtain'd a Parley, *I am one of them* (said she) *that are peaceable and faithful in Israel; thou seekest to destroy a City and Mother in Israel; Why wilt thou swallow up the Inheritance of the Lord?* *Joab* telling her the Conditions of his raising the Siege, she undertakes, and does persuade the People to throw *Sheba's* Head over the Wall to him, on which he withdrew his Army and sav'd the City.

Plutarch gives us almost a Parallel of this in the Wisdom of the *Celtic Women*, who when their Country was torn into Divisions and Civil War, would not desist from their Importunity, and earnest Mediation, till their Arms were laid down, and a general Peace settled in all their Cities and Families, Which was so great and so acceptable a Service to their Country, that it grew a Custom among them to admit and summon their Women to Council. So that in the League, which they long after made with *Hannibal*, this was one Article—*If the Celts have any Matter of Complaint against the Carthaginians,*

the

of it. But if the Carthaginians have any thing to lay to the Charge of the Celtæ, it shall be brought before the Celtic Women.

The Woman of *Tekoah* shews how fit Women are for Stratagem, no small Branch of Political Wisdom. *Joab* hires her by this to repeal the Banishment of *Absolom*. Nor did she want much Instruction, but acted with such Closeness, and seeming Passion, that *David*, tho' a wise and discerning Prince, with no small Difficulty found out the Artifice; nay, even then she carry'd it on beyond her Instructions, till she entirely brought the King over to her Design.

What greater Example of *Secrecy* (which is most denied the Sex) than of *Rahab*, who not only hid *Joshua's* Spies in her House, but perfectly conceal'd their great Business. And tho' it prov'd necessary to communicate this Affair to several Friends, yet she manages it with so much Privacy, that nothing was discover'd, but she and all her Friends were sav'd from the general Ruin of her Country. I might add the Woman of *Bathurim*, and *Epicaria* in the *Roman* Story, who could not by all the Threats and Tortures of the Tyrant, be forced to confess what she knew of a Conspiracy against *Nero*.

Is it Learning that gives Preheminence to Men? In this likewise have Women had a very large Share. The antient *Mythologists* made *Minerva* the Goddess, as well as *Appollo*, the God of Learning. In the Scriptures we have *Huldah* the Prophetess, who dwelt in the College, with whom those great Statesman, *Hilkiah*, *Abikam*, *Achbor*, *Shaphan* and *Asaiah*, thought it no Disgrace to consult. *Aspatia* instructed *Petricles*, a Man as eminent for his Oratory as his

Martial Expeditions. *Pamphilia* wrote many Histories much esteem'd before they were lost. *Cornelia* the Mother of the *Gracchi*, was so great a Mistress of Eloquence, that she instructed both her Sons, and enabled them to make considerable Figures in the *Forum*; *Athenais* arose to the Eastern Empire by the Force of her Eloquence and Learning, tho' the Daughter of a mean *Athenian*.

Nor have even our Times wanted such Ornaments of the Sex, *Olympia*, *Fulvia Morata*, the Lady *Jane Gray*, learned in *Hebrew* as well as *Greek* and *Latin*, *Anna-Maria Vanschurman*, the present *Madam Dacier*; nay, even the *Whole Duty of Man* has been attributed to my Lady *Packington*: Among these, if I shall, at last, have the Happiness of placing my own Daughter, it will abundantly satisfy my Toil, and my Hopes and Desires.

Here the old Gentleman, Sir *Clement*, made an End, something warm'd with the Vehemence of his Utterance, and his Zeal for the Subject. I am not at all surpriz'd (said *Misogamus*) that a Man of Letters should be able to make a dark Point seem probable, or adorn a barren Subject with the Ornament of Language and Examples; tho', indeed, for the Confirmation of this, I believe Sir *Clement* has pretty well drein'd Antiquity and the Moderns too. But when I can hear the Ladies say as much for themselves, I may be apt to think there may be something in it; till then they are but what we make them: Or, provided I should allow you that the Abilities of some Women are a Proof that there have been Women capable of Learning, yet I can never agree, that it is convenient

nient for the Sex ; since it only fills them with Pride, and has nothing about the Duties of the Sex, which is properly in Managing Family and Domestic Affairs, to be obedient to their Husbands, whom they may be too apt to despise if they happen to be, and think themselves, more Learned or Knowing. I think we may as well conclude, that because *Amazons* were a Nation of Female Warriors, that therefore every Woman should ride the Great Horse.

Not that I presume to fortify my Father's Arguments (assum'd *Eumathia*) is it that I speak, for I think them sufficient to prove the Point that was in Question. But to shew you that he has not exhausted the Theme, I shall add some more Instances. To say nothing of *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, and his Successor in his School, and a Poetess, with several other Ladies who taught Philosophy ; we among the *Grecians*, find at least the Names of many Learned and Excellent in the Art of Poetry. As *Magalostrate*, the belov'd of the Poet *Alcman*, she flourish'd in the second Year of the 29th *Olympiade*, a little more than one hundred Years after *Homer*, who is thought to have liv'd in the Beginning of the *Olympiades* ; so early did Women succeed in that noble Art, then esteem'd the Mother of all Sciences. *Alcman's* Verses in her Praise, we yet find in *Athenæus*. What need I mention *Sappho*, known to every one ? Or her Friend *Erinna*, or Contemporary *Demophila* ? Or *Gleobulina* ? or *Corinna*, who won the Prize from *Pindar* himself ? *Telephilla*, *Praxilla*, *Aspasia* the *Milesian*, the other *Erinna*, *Eudoxia*, *Democharis*, *Elephantis*, or *Elephantina* ; *Hesfica* of *Alexandria*, *Nossiffir*, *Philænis* among the

Greeks ? or *Cornificia*, *Sulpitia*, *Theophila* the Wife of *Gadianus* the Poet under *Domitian*, *Proba Falconia*, and the rest of the *Latin* Poetesses ? Time, as well as your Patience, would be wanting to hear them enumerated ; for there is scarce any Nation or Age, where Poetry has shew'd itself in any tolerable Degree, where some Lady has not appear'd worthy of Applause in the same. What need I mention at home, our *Philips's* our *Killigrews*, our *Finches*, *Chudleighs*, *Behns*, *Frother*, and others ? Since had we had none but *Mrs. Singer*, she would have equal'd any of the *Greeks* or the *Romans*, with this peculiar Praise, That the Greatness of her Genius never stoop'd for an infamous Applause from those Loosenesses, from which too many of both Sexes have deriv'd all their Fame.

I cannot say that any Women Poets, antient and modern, have attempted the Drama, except the *Englisb*, and I wish, for the Honour of the Character of our Sex, that none of us had done it ; for then, tho' we had had fewer Pretenders to Reputation this Way, yet our Fame had been more pure, and more worthy our Sex.

But let us cast an Eye on those Virtues which History Sacred and Prophane, has given to several of our Sex. Constancy and Resolution is a manly Virtue, and on us it is charg'd, That we are inconstant and mutable. *Dioclesian* and *Maximinian* the Emperors, in a public Instrument, stile the Wills of Women momentaneory. But on the contrary, how famous was *Ruth* for her Constancy, who, notwithstanding all Assaults against it, resolv'd that nothing but Death should separate her from her Husband's Mother. *In-treat me not* (said she to *Naomi*) *to leave thee, or*

to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy People shall be my People, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but Death part thee and me.

Should I mention the Mother who saw her Children executed before her Face with unbroken Resolution, as we find it in the *Macchabees*, and the Constancy of many Women Martyrs in the Primitive Persecutions, with those our Nation saw in that modern Persecution of Queen Mary's Days, I should be able to make a full and large History. Queen Mary's own Sister, as she was an Example of her Cruelty, so was she an admirable Instance of this Virtue, who, according to her Motto, was *always the same* ; as Sir Robert Nanton in his Preface to his Translation of *Cambden's ELIZABETH* takes Notice, who compares and prefers her to King Henry of France, even for this very Virtue of Resolution and Constancy.

Courage seems as peculiar a Virtue to Man as any in the Roll, yet we find History celebrating some of the tender Sex as eminent in it. *Jael*, the Wife of *Heber*, deliver'd the Earth from a great Destroyer ; so that the War of that Time was call'd by her Name. *In the Days of Jael* (says the Scripture) *the Highways were unoccupied, and the Travellers walk'd through by Ways* ; and *Deborah* (another excellent Woman) sings the Glory of her Action in a most exalted and immortal Song — *Blessed above Women shall Jael the Wife of Heber the Kenite be ; blessed shall she be above Women in the Tent ! He ask'd Water and she gave him Milk, she brought forth*

forth Butter in a lordly Dish, she put her Hand to the Nail, and her Right Hand to the Workman's Hammer; and with the Hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his Head, when she had pierc'd and stricken through his Temple. At her Feet he bow'd, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bow'd, he fell where he bowed, there he fell down dead.

I hope, Gentlemen, you will excuse me for quoting so much Scripture, which is not so usual in fine Conversation in our Days; but when I remember that I speak to Persons of an exalted Taste, I think I need make no Apology for supposing you capable of relishing of the most beautiful and sublime of any Poetry.

Passing by the Story of *Judith* (who yet shewed at once the highest Resolution, Love of her Country and Courage) I shall take Notice of that Woman of *Thebes*, mention'd in the History of the *Judges*: For she seems to have been more Valiant, and to have Ventur'd more than the Men, who were inclosed with her in the Tower; who when nothing but Threats and Flames were before her, had the Courage to cast a Piece of a Millstone on *Abimelech's* Head, and so put an End to their Danger.

I cannot omit Queen *Hester*, how she forgot her Softness and Delicacy, and resolv'd to serve her People with the Hazard of her own Life. *I will (said she) go in unto the King, which is not according to the Law, and if I perish, I perish.* She dar'd to do this, and her Success answer'd her Daring, her People were preserv'd from Destruction, and the Designer of that Evil against them brought to an ignominious End.

When

When the *Melians*, under the Conduct of young *Nymphæus*, were entertain'd a while by the *Carians*, as they pass'd from their own Country to seek a new Habitation, they were in great Danger of being all destroyed by Treachery, conceal'd under a fair Pretence of inviting them to a Banquet: But the *Melians* return'd Answer to the *Carians*, on their Invitation, (being privately inform'd of their Design) That they never were accusom'd to go to any Feast without their Wives, they were admitted to come with them. The Men went unarm'd (to avoid Suspicion) but every Woman had her Husband's Sword hid under Gown, About the Middle of the Feast, the Word being given by the *Carians* for the Destruction of their Guests, they endeavour'd to execute their Treachery, when, in a Moment, every *Melian* Woman delivers her Husband his Sword; by which Means they acquitted themselves with Bravery; and had Leisure afterwards to admire the undaunted Spirit of their Women, who, undisturb'd with any Fear, were Actors in, as well as Spectators of the Exploit.

I am sensible that I should be too tedious to produce all the Examples that I could, of the generous Actions of our Sex, whether for the Preservation of their Country, or for the Love of their Husbands, or for the Maintenance of the Religion of their Ancestors: Nor is it Necessary, since from what has been said, it must plainly appear that Men have no Reason to exclude our Sex from the Virtue of Courage.

Yet I cannot here omit one Instance of the Love of their Husbands, because it is modern. The Emperor *Conrade III.* having besieg'd *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, the Town being reduced to

to the last Extremity, and oblig'd to surrender, could obtain no other Terms of him, but that the Ladies should go out untouch'd, with only what they could carry on their Backs. Upon which they resolv'd to carry their Husbands out in that Manner, even to the Duke himself. The Generosity of the Action disarm'd the Emperor's Rage, and made him ever after treat the Duke and his with great Humanity and Affection.

I must beg Leave to add another Instance of Filial and Conjugal Love, and heroic Justice in a Woman, of which I cannot remember any History that gives a nobler than that of *Chelonis*, the Wife of *Cleombrotus* King of *Sparta*.

Cleombrotus was Son-in-law to *Leonidas* the Spartan King, by marrying his Daughter the foremention'd *Chelonis*. *Leonidas* being expell'd, *Cleombrotus* was, with *Agis*, made King in his room. But on another Turn of the *Lacedemonian* Affairs, *Leonidas* was restor'd, and *Agis* forced to fly to the Temple of *Juno* for Sanctuary, and *Cleombrotus* to that of *Neptune*.

Leonidas more incens'd against his Son-in-Law, pursu'd not *Agis*, but attended by his Soldiers, went directly to the Sanctuary of *Cleombrotus*, and there, with a great Deal of Passion, reproach'd him for conspiring with his Enemies, usurping his Throne, and driving him from his Country, tho' so nearly related to him, by the Marriage of his Daughter; but *Cleombrotus*, having little to say for his past Actions, stood perfectly silent.

Chelonis his Wife had been a Partner of her Father's Sufferings; for when *Cleombrotus* usurped the Kingdom, she forsook him, and wholly apply'd

ply'd herself to comfort her Father in his Afflictions. She stay'd with him whilst he was in the Sanctuary, and when he fled 'she fled with him, bewailing his Misfortunes, extremely averse to *Cleombrotus*, for his Treachery and Inhumanity. But now upon this Turn of his Fortune, she was as Zealous and Assiduous in expressing her Love and Duty to her Husband, whom she embraced with one Arm, and her two little Children with the other. All Men were strangely taken with the Piety and tender Affection of the young Woman, who in a loose neglected Mourning, with a pale dejected Countenance, and suppliant Posture, spoke thus to *Leonidas*.

“ I am not brought to this Condition you
 “ see me in, nor have I taken on me this
 “ Mourning Habit, for the present Misfortunes
 “ of *Cleombrotus*, no, it is long since familiar
 “ to me ; it was put on to condole you in your
 “ Banishment ; and now you are restor'd to
 “ your Country and your Kingdom, must I still
 “ remain in Grief and Misery ? Or would you
 “ have me attir'd in my Festival Ornaments,
 “ that I may rejoyce with you, when you have,
 “ within my Arms, kill'd the Man to whom
 “ you gave me as a Wife ? Either *Cleombrotus*
 “ must appease you, by mine and my Childrens
 “ Tears, or he must suffer a Punishment greater
 “ than his Fault deserves. He will infallibly
 “ see me die before him, whom he has profess'd
 “ most tenderly to love. To what End
 “ should I live, or how shall I appear among
 “ the *Spartan* Ladies, when it shall so manifestly
 “ be seen, that I have not been able to
 “ move to Compassion, either a Husband or a
 “ Fa-

" Father ? I was born, it seems, to be dishonour'd and disgrac'd, both as a Wife and a Daughter, he is that Relation, who is dearest to me in both Capacities. As for *Cleombrotus*, I have sufficiently disown'd his Cause, when I forsook him to follow you ; but now you yourself will justify his Proceedings, by shewing to the World, that for the Sake of a Crown, it is just to kill a Son-in-Law, and be regardless of a Daughter.

Chelonis having ended this Lamentation, turn'd her weeping Eyes to the Spectators, then gently repos'd her Head on her Husband's Bosom. *Leonidas*, touch'd with Compassion, withdrew a While to advise with his Friends, and then returning, condemned *Cleombrotus* to perpetual Banishment ; urging, that *Chelonis* ought to stay with him, it not being just that she should forsake a Father, who, at her Interposition, had granted the Life of her Husband. But all that he could say, could not prevail with her to stay. She rose up immediately, and taking one of her Children in her Arms, gave the other to her Husband ; then having perform'd her Devotions at the Altar where had taken Sanctuary, she cheafly follow'd him into Banishment.

In short, so great was the Virtue and Generosity shewn by *Chelonis* on this Occasion, that if *Cleombrotus* were not extremely blinded by Ambition, he must have chosen Exile with so excellent a Woman, rather than a Diadem without her.

Ability and Capacity to manage Public Affairs, is another Perfection which you deny to Women. My Father has taken Notice of the Opinions and Laws of some Antient and Polite Nations

Nations on this Head : I shall here only observe the Examples of the contrary. *Deborah* judg'd *Israel* as the Holy Scriptures assure us ; to her I might add, *Semiramis* and *Pulcheria*, who preserv'd the Empire while her Brother liv'd, and after his Death, govern'd it with great Prudence, calling *Marlden* to her Assistance.

But if all Histories were lost, till those of the Days of our Forefathers, the *English* Nation need no Proof of this Truth, since it now enjoys the Benefit of *Elizabeth*, the Queen of her Subjects Hearts, of whom we have the Testimony of her mortal Enemy Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, who, tho' Plotting against her Life, admir'd her ; for he us'd to say, *That Elizabeth of England, and Henry IV. of France, were able to Rule the whole World.*

But I fear I grow tedious, and shall forbear more Examples, to answer a close Objection of this Gentleman's, against Women giving themselves to the Study of Literature ; for to answer that, seems but a necessary Vindication of a Course I have so long taken, by the Indulgence of the best of Parents.

The Question therefore is, *Whether the Study of Learning and Arts is fit for a Maid, especially in these Times ?* I do think, that the Arguments, that persuade me to declare for the Affirmative, are not light and weak. To begin with *Civil Law*, which forbids Women to meddle with Public Affairs. I will not enquire into the Equity of this Law, yet, I think, this may thence be clearly prov'd, That the Leisure in which we live is *allowed and lawful* : But from thence we may have much unincumber'd Time, and quiet Tranquility, great Friends to the Muses ;

ses ; especially, when we are not tied up by necessary Occasions, or engaged in domestic Affairs and Family Business. But yet when this large and empty Space of Life is spent loosely, and not improv'd in something Good and Beneficial, it leaves a dangerous Opportunity for the Irruption of too many Vices, destructive of our Innocence and Happiness. Idleness is the Fountain of Mischief ; and is it the Way to avoid this Mischief, to let the Mind by little and little grow soft, and brought to a Similitude of that Idleness in which it is bury'd ? What must we therefore do ? *Seneca* points out the Matter, when he says, They are only at Leisure, who are at Leisure for Wisdom ; nay, they only live, for they not only look to their own Time well, but draw a Benefit from that of all the foregoing Ages : For we are not to endeavour to find Leisure from the most laudable Employments, but to improve our real Leisure in them. This will render our Time neither tiresome nor uneasy ; for there are two Things that sharpen a wise Man, which make other Men dull, *Leisure* and *Solitude*.

But some are wont to object, with this Gentleman, that it is a sufficient Study for Women to handle the Distaff and the Needle well. I likewise confess, that their Number is large, and that the inveterate ill Opinion, and mistaken Notions of our Times, are too evident on their Sides ; but we, as rational Creatures, ought to form our Judgment from Reason, not Custom, which would justify ten thousand of the greatest Follies, nay, and of Vices, that are.

For by what Right are these Things only fallen to our Lot ? By a Divine or Human Right ?

It

It will never be in the Power of these Gentlemen to prove, that those Limits, are either fatal, or prescribed by Heaven to us, to restrain our farther Pursuit. The Evidence of all Antiquity, in the Examples of all Ages, and the Authority of the greatest Men, will confirm the contrary.

But I shall content my self, to shew, that Things of a higher Nature not only become us, but are expected from us in a station above the Vulgar. For generous Inclinations will not endure to be restrained within such narrow bounds ; nor Wits of a sublimer Mind, suffer themselves to be always kept below their natural Disposition. If these severe laws should be perpetually in force, it would not seem to me any great Wonder, that some Women should sometimes be prevailed with, by the Persuasions of Pleasure, to deviate into Folly, even thro' their Contempt of these low Employments assign'd them,

Besides, we could not then have any Prospect or Hope of any Honour and Dignity, any Reward of Virtue, which excite great Minds to things worthy of Praise. In vain do we boast our Nobility, which we receiv'd from our Ancestors, if we must be obliged to bury it all in slothful Obscurity. Hence it is, that he who reads History, often discerns in the longest Tract of Time, no more the Monuments of our Sex, than the Tract of a Ship passing thro' the Ocean. But you may perhaps say, From what should you pretend to Glory ? From what to immortal Fame ? Do you expect this from your Leisure ? Why not ? But then I would be understood to mean Leisure heighten'd with the Lustre of good
D and

and wholesome Literature ; for we are to derive our Reputation not from Arms but the Gown. When true Philosophy has seated it self in the Throne of our Understanding, there will no Door be open to those vain and wandring Motions of an inconstant Mind. This *Erasmus* has observ'd in his Reflections on the Education of the Daughters of Sir *Thomas Moor* ; *Nothing* (says he) *does so wholly fill the Bosom of a Maid as Study*. For how is it possible, but that we should easily scorn the Pageantry of this World, the specious Authority of Examples, and the poor Vanities of the Times, when from the lofty Position of Wisdom we look down upon these earthly Things ? And whereas it is the Duty, no less than the Happiness of all Men, to endeavour after the Perfection of our great Original (from which there is none of us but have fallen) we must labour to make his Image, who is the Light and the Truth, daily shine brighter in our Mind.

Divinity I confess does this most compleatly ; yet methinks they seem not to have Regard enough to its Majesty, who would deprive it of so noble an Attendance as other Sciences may furnish. For when we look into the Volume of natural Things, Who does not discover how the Parts of both these Sciences agree among themselves with a beautiful Harmony ? How much Help and Light does one afford the other ? Nor does it much affect me, that some have thought so narrowly and meanly of this Frame of the World, as to suppose it was the Product of a fortuitous concourse of Atoms ? Whether it struggled from a blended Chaos and Confusion into Form ? or that some Bodies have a Heavenly, others an Earthly Nature ? Whether the *Copernican* or *Ptolemaic* System be true ? Whether

ther the Sun sets in the Ocean according to the vulgar Appearance, or goes an eternal Round, without coming to the end of his Journey? Whether the Earth be of a globular or oval Figure? If the common Reproach made to us were true, it would make us disappoint and make void the End of our Creator's placing us in this Theatre of the World, which was to know and magnify his wonderful and beauteous Works. For Nature was not such a Stepmother to us, that she would forbid us the Sight of her; else why would she plant in all our Species that unsatisfied Desire of Knowledge? Why did she give us an erected Stature, and not a Countenance like other Animals prone to the Earth. but that she design'd, that we should lift up our Minds and Eyes to the Contemplation of Her? Without this we should be mere Stocks, inanimate Beings, and not of human Kind; Strangers, not Inhabitants of this World, if we could not raise our Minds with the Divine Love to such beautiful and glorious Things, in which the Majesty of the Eternal God shines out with so amazing a Lustre. Nor must we imagine, that we have done our Duty, if we give Things of so great Importance sometimes only a transient Look: For so we view them not to know them, since it would discover our want of Desire to know them more intimately.

There is no Object of the Eye more admirable than Man, nothing more beautiful than the Dwelling of the Soul. But how little of that Beauty is discover'd, or to be judg'd of by the outward Form? How ought we to blush at those excellent Hymns of the Heathens, in which, while they curiously look into Nature, and by that

approach nearer to the first Cause of All Things, even they frequently sing the Praises of the High Omnisit Workman.

Again, as often as we peruse the Holy Scriptures, who will deny but that the Divine Praises of God from the Mouths of the Holy Prophets and others, may excite us in the Spirit of Gratitude to Heaven ?

Not to say any Thing of History in general, I shall only enquire, whether the Knowledge of public Transactions may be fit for every private Person ? The Practice I grant is chiefly for the Use of the Common-wealth and the Magistracy ; yet since the Theory yields peculiar Fruits to the Benefit of every Particular, it is my Opinion, that none ought to neglect it. The Holy Scriptures go before us here, nay, lead us indeed by the Hand. There the Orders of Time are knit together by the Periods of the Monarchies ; there both the Origins, and Decays and Dissolutions of the greatest Nations are either describ'd or foretold ; nor is it any Wonder, since the wonderful Judgments of God, which we ought duly to observe, appear in a more eminent Manner. And since these Universals cannot fall out in the Age of Man, Nature seems to require the Study of History from all.

Some may perhaps here object, that this seems to recommend a Monastic Life, or to make our whole Duty to consist of Speculation. But Reason seems to require, that we first look to ourselves, that is, as to what concerns our own Happiness, and then to our Neighbour. For he will never have Leisure to attend on others, who was never at Leisure to attend on himself. Nor will he ever help another in Council or Fact,

Fact, who cannot help himself. In vain will he pretend to civil Conversation who is a Stranger at home. Wou'd it not be the last Degree of Rashness, to pretend to build the whole-Oeconomy of Moral Virtues on Ignorance or the Vulgar Opinions; since it was never yet done by any Man, who was not furnish'd with great and solid Learning? For it is that which prepares, disposes, and makes us capable of doing well; and raises our Minds to great and noble Attempts.

Again, Nothing can be more proper for the Thoughts of a Virtuous Maid, nothing more necessary than to be able to discern what is Base, and what is Honourable; what Hurtful, and what Innocent; what is Decent, what Indecent. But how great a Knowledge of Things, what Penetration and Address, in Judgment, is necessary to do this? Since therefore we cannot by Instinct and without Study, arrive at Learning and the Knowledge of these Affairs, we must have Recourse to History to dress the Mind as it were in a Glass, ordering the Life after the Example of others. Especially we Women, who when any Blemish has fallen on us, thro' by a groundless Suspicion, can never be again reconcil'd to Reputation. Maids, therefore, ought not only to avoid Evils after they have flown in upon us, but ought to make it their principal Care to prevent them ever coming near them.

To pass over all other Arts and Sciences, which like Hand-maids will naturally follow this their Queen and Leader; I must say a Word of Studying many Languages, I mean not for Ostentation, but for Life. Because Tongues are the Preservers and Interpreters of

all those Things which wise *Antiquity* hath bequeathed to us as the most valuable Legacy ; which, when it speaks to us in its own Speech, leaves a genuine Image of it self in our Mind, and has a wonderful Grace in the Diction, which scarce any Translation can ever come up to.

But that I may make an end, I will here produce one Example of the incomparable Princess, the Lady *Jane Grey*, whose equal, no Age nor Nation will ever afford. A *Florentine*, who fully and pathetically describes the History of her Life and Death, in that Conference she had with *Flecknam*, the Messenger of her approaching Death, has observ'd these Things among others, that she despising the Gifts of Nobility of Blood, Beauty of Person, and a flourishing Youth ; she declar'd with great Courage, that nothing in her whole Life was so agreeable to her, as that she had the Knowledge of the Three learned Tongues, (as they call them) especially in the *Hebrew*, which let her nearer into the Sacred Repository of Truth. If this Example may be of any Force, I hope I need not repent the Time I have spent, or shall yet employ in such Studies, as bring wth them their own Reward. Nor, Sir, would I have you imagine, that this or any other Learning I might attain, would make me slight or contemn my Husband, should I ever alter my Condition, my Knowledge informs my Duty better ; but this indeed I should do, I would take care to make such a choice of Merit. that there would be no room for me to despise or disrespect it hereafter.

Eumachia

Eumathia being silent, the whole Company declar'd their infinite Satisfaction in her admirable Discourse. I am far (said the charming Lady of the House) from thinking these admirable Qualifications disagreeable in a Woman, the general Regard which they have drawn from us all to this Lady, is a Proof of their Excellence; nay, I am of Opinion, that if many of our Ladies (I speak of those whose Fortunes raise them above the anxious Care of Household Affairs) would employ the many leisure Hours, which lie heavily on their Hands, or else are worse employ'd in Trifles, in the Improvement of their Minds in a good Taste of Things and Books, such, I mean, as fall within the compass of our own Language, Arts would find more Encouragement, and Pretenders to them much less.

But since these are things more to be wish'd, than expected in this Age; I fancy the Enquiry would not be unentertaining, if we should consider, what is the most engaging Quality or Perfection a Lady can have, to secure the Heart of her Husband; for Marriage is a State, I persuade my self, none here has absolutely rejected.

The Proposition was received with a great deal of Satisfaction, and every one began to deliver her Opinion; for this Question must be decided by the Ladies only, as being their proper Cause and Concern. *Callona* declar'd for BEAUTY, *Anclinoa* for WIT, *Eumathia* for LEARNING, *Philophrosyne* for GOOD HUMOUR, and *Pronimia* for DISCRETION.

But since they could not all agree in the same Quality, it was declar'd necessary, that each Lady

Lady should lay down her Reasons for what she had chosen, so that *Calloaa* was to begin, as she did in this manner.

Beauty (said *Callona*, with a Look and an Air that would have commanded Judgment on her side) had Men to have been deciders of the Cause, has had so ancient and uncontrollable a Power over Man, that I should think it were needless to urge a Reason for its Preheminence over all other Female Qualifications: Look about the World, examine into your Conversation (reflect on the early Occurrences between the two Sexes, and then declare what it is, that strikes the Young or the Old, but *Beauty*; or at least no Quality does it without *Beauty*; but *Beauty*, often without any other Perfection. I speak of the Generality of Mankind, for the Caprices of a Few, are of no consequence in a general Argument. Wit, may, in *Delia*, have surpriz'd *Polydore* into Matrimony, but her Impertinence soon extinguish'd that Passion which her Wit had rais'd. The Senses have too great a share in our Affections, to let them be of any long continuance, where they miss their Gratification. I know not but when we are all Soul, the Beauty of the Mind may be strongest; but as long as Men are so much immers'd in Matter, and so little inform'd by Spiritual Notions, Beauty, the Harmony of the Body must prevail. That bribes the Judgment, and gives such a Turn to all the Fair one says, that the most common Expressions contains more Eloquence, than all our Orators or Poets were ever Masters of.

Nature has given a Sovereignty to Beauty, that Commands the Eyes and the Hearts of all that view

view it. Let but Beauty appear in the *Mall*, the Ring, the Theatre, or the Church, all Looks are cast on it; the Souls of all Beholders dart out of their Eyes; and their Desires are ill conceal'd by the most cautious. Wit may raise the Curiosity, but Beauty only the Wishes of the Young and Old. Good Humour and Discretion may make an insipid Life to be borne, but Beauty alone can give it those fierce Motions, that impart a Pleasure more than common. Was ever Suing or Commanding Beauty deny'd or disobey'd? Does any Thing but Beauty give that Air, that trembling Deference to the Lover? That makes him approach the Fair one as some Deity that has the Power of Life and Death, of Misery or Happiness? Was it the Wit or Beauty of *Hebe* that subdu'd the Heart of *Abasuerus*? Was it the Wit or Beauty of *Thais*, that made *Alexander* doat on her so far as to set *Persepolis* on fire? Did not the wise Ancients declare the Power of Beauty, when they made *Paris* chuse the most Beautiful Woman of her Age, before Power or Wisdom?

The grave Judges of the most polite People that the World ever knew, and who polished indeed all the rest of Mankind, in a public Court of Judicature, own'd the Power of Beauty in a most remarkable Degree. I have read somewhere this Story of *Phryne* an *Athenian* Courtesan; she was accus'd before the Judges of that most famous City, and in spite of all her Advocates could say for her, very near Condemnation, when one of her Pleaders knowing well the Power of Beauty, took off her Veil, which till this had hid her Face, and said, Condemn her if you can. The Judges, old as they were

were, on the Sight of such Perfections, acquitted the Criminal, which produc'd a Law, that the Face of the Accus'd, should never more be seen in a Court of Judicature.

But to confirm my Position, I shall give you a Relation of the wonderful Power of Beauty in *Cleomira*, and that of later Date, as happening in our Time, and then leave you to decide in the case of Beauty, as you shall think fit.



Callon



Callona's Tale.

C*Leomira* was but of mean Parentage, that is, a Farmer's Daughter in the North Parts of *Wiltshire*. But Nature, to make amends for the Iniquity of her Fortune, had given her all the Perfections of Beauty and Shape that Woman is capable of. Her Stature was middle siz'd, her her Face oval, her Forehead open and full, her Eye-brows black, and so fine, as if they had been drawn with the exactest Pencil ; her Eyes, large and and hazle, which cast a languishing Regard ; her Nose like the *Grecian Venus* ; her Cheeks adorned with a lively Vermillion ; her Mouth small ; her Lips ruddy ; her Teeth like Pearls even and small ; her Neck justly proportioned ; her Chest full ; her Breasts round and firm ; her Skin whiter than Snow, only mixt with an agreeable Warmth ; her Waste long and slender ; her Arms neatly turn'd ; her Fingers taper ; her Foot small ; and in short there was nothing wanting, to render her the compleatest Beauty the Sun ever shone upon.

Her Father and Mother dying, left her very young to the Care of an Aunt, who lov'd her as her own ; but this made her an Eye-sore to her Children, and render'd our young Heroine too uneasy to stay in the Country with her Relation,

tations, where all her Perfections were lost; she therefore resolv'd to try her Fortune in *London*, promising herself, at least, more Ease and Satisfaction, under the Roof of Strangers, than where her very Relations gave her a daily disquiet.

She had in *London*, a Cousin married to a Gentleman of a good Family, and a tolerable Estate, who was her Godmother, so that she doubted not but this double tie, wou'd, at least, prefer her to a Service in some Person of Quality's Family. But Fortune design'd not yet to look so favourably on her Desires; for when she was come up with the Carrier, News was brought her to the Inn, that there was no Convenience for her at her Cousin's House, and that she must take care for herself, only with this Assurance, that her Husband would give her a Character, when she had found out a Place.

Cleomira, not at all dishearten'd by so unlucky a Welcome to Town, applied herself to a nominal Relation, who was a Servant in a Citizen's Family, and by her Means, got to be Chambermaid, to a Surgeon of Note's Wife, and grew so much into Credit in the Family, that all the Plate was trusted to her Custody: but from this Trust, more Disquiets arose to our Heroine, for a Silver Spoon being lost, she was forc'd to pay for it, and to lose her place.

Succeeding so ill in Service, she resolv'd on setting up a School, to teach young Children to read and work; for she was a great Proficient in both. She chose the wicked End of the Town, to set up this Employment, where her Beauty soon got her Admirers, and among the rest, that of *Siceace* a Sharper, tho' of a Gentleman's

man's Family: By whose Importunities she was won to surrender her Modesty, which ought to be most dear to all Womankind.

Business calling this young Spark out of Town, she was, by the Insinuations of some of her own Sex, won to receive for a Gallant, one *Van Straatsmat*, who adorned her with all the finest Cloaths Money could procure for her, and liv'd with her in a perfect Contentment for some Months; but his Business calling him into his own Country, he prevail'd with *Cleomira* to go with him; so all her Equipage was sent a Ship-board, and then she went down to *Gravesend* in a Boat, in order to pass into *Holland*: But this ungrateful Foreigner persuades her, that the Ship would not sail till the next Tide, leaves her ashore, and getting into the Ship, sails away with all her Cargo, except such travelling Cloaths as she had on.

She heard, too late, that the Ship was sail'd, hires a Boat to go after it, but all in vain; she is forc'd to *Gravesend*, and from thence to make the best of her Way to *London*, at leisure to repent of her Credulity, and full of Resolutions to be more cautious for the future.

It was one Summer Evening, when she was walking in the Park, that *Lindamour*, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and abundance of Sense, but a Man the most sensible of any Man, of the Power of Beauty, saw her there, fell into Discourse with her, and every Word encreas'd that Passion, which the first Glance of her Eyes had given his Heart.

Cleomira had now learn'd the Art of engaging a Lover, and therefore would not let him have too long a Conversation, or the Satisfaction of

persuading himself, that he had any Reason to boast of gaining much by this first Interview. All he could obtain, was a Promise to be in the Park again in a few Days; on Condition that he would not follow her that Night, nor endeavour to know more of her than she thought fit to permit him.

Lindamour miss'd not a Day, but spent his whole Time in the Park, from Three to Nine at Night, in hopes once more to see this unknown Charmer, whom he found absolute Mistress of his Soul. Weeks he had attended in vain, and began now to despair of her keeping her Word, accusing his own Stupidity, for not pursuing her to her Lodging when it was in his Power; she certainly (said he to himself) look'd on me as a Man not at all desirous of a farther Acquaintance, to obey a Command, which Love ought to have broken. As he was full of these Thoughts, he was got out of the Park into *Spring-Garden*, when he heard a Lady cry out at the Rudeness of a Fellow, that would needs force himself on her, and treated her very abusively, for refusing his proffer'd Civility.

Lindamour, who was always ready to assist the Distressed of our Sex, comes up to him, and interposes on her Behalf; but was infinitely astonish'd to find it was his belov'd *Gleomira* who wanted his Assistance. If Generosity had engag'd him in her Quarrel as a Woman, the Sight of her Charms, set him all on Fire, and the Russian had there placed his last Insolence to the Sex, had he not shewn a fair Pair of Heels as soon as *Lindamour* had drawn his Sword in order to chastise him. But not to lose the Purchase of his Labour, he gave the Mob Half a Piece

Piece to pursue him and punish him according to his Deserts, whilst he went into the Park after the Lady, who made all the Haste she could from the Broom.

In the *Mall* he soon overtook her, not yet got free from her Fright, which he strove to remove, by assuring her, that he was ready with his Life and Fortune to defend her, not only against that pitiful Bravo, but against all the World that durst attempt to disturb her. She in a little Time grew more Calm, and manag'd her Eyes in such a Manner, as to engage the Heart of *Lindamour*, without any Discovery of Design, attributing all her Civilities to him, to a generous Acknowledgment of the timely Service he had done her. He accus'd her of Breach of Promise, in not coming again to that Place, as she had given him Hopes she would; and let her know, that it had been his constant Place of Contemplation every Day since he saw her there. She pleaded, that taking his Words for Gallantry, of Course, she had not the Vanity to think she could have given him such Concern for her Absence. He press'd his Love with such Ardour and devout Sincerity, that with a deep Sigh she said, Alas! Sir, you know not to whom you make these Addresses; to the most Unfortunate of Women, yet to one, that notwithstanding her Misfortunes, will never sink so low as to admit of a dishonourable Lover; Fortune may, perhaps, make me wretched, but never shall make me guilty. With this she let fall a plentiful Shower of pearly Tears, which by a charming Sorrow, her Bosom heaving with Sighs, heighten'd her Beauties, which were but too strong before for the too amorous *Lindamour*;

who added Oath to Oath, and Asseveration to Asseveration, That as his Love was the greatest that human Heart was capable of, so it was too full of Honour and Respect to her, to entertain the least criminal Imagination.

Alas ! Sir, said she, if you are a Man of Fortune, I am not fit for you, who have nothing left me by Chance and the Death of a dear Husband, but the Charity of Friends ; and if you have no Fortune, to listen to you will but encrease my Misery, by involving another, for his Regard to me, in Hardships, that can have no End but with Life,

You are, of yourself, Madam, an infinite Treasure, and worthy of more than I can pretend to, yet if a thousand Pounds a Year, clear Estate, and ten thousand Pounds in Money, will make you easy and happy, join'd with a Man that doats on you to Madness, I here assure you, I will make you Mistress of it To-morrow, if you but consent.

Gleomira, tho' infinitely pleased with this Advantage, was yet too prudent to be easily won, so raising many Difficulties, she promised him, in a few Days, to let him know where he might wait upon her, which she confirm'd with the Allowance of him to ravish a Kiss, which so disabled him of Strength, that she got from him, without his being able to pursue her.

In a Day or two she appointed the Park again, where all former Assurances were renewed, and she amused him with a Story of her being a Widow, That her Husband died at Sea in less than Half a Year after their Marriage ; which Story she set off with so many minnte Circumstances, that a Man less in Love than our *Lindamour*

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damour would have believ'd her. Now she gave him a Direction where to meet her at a handsome House in *Covent-Garden*, the People were creditable, and knowing nothing of her Fortune, had the highest Opinion of her Virtue.

Thus this *Amour* went on without any Misadventure, till walking one Day with her in *Spring-Garden* (for they had agreed to be marry'd in three Days after) *Bellmour*, a Friend of *Lindamour's* met him there accidentally, and having appointed to meet in the Evening to drink a Bottle, he shuffled him off, impatient to have any one Share in the Pleasure of her Conversation.

Bellmour had been a Gentleman a little subject to Gaming, which had thrown him into the Acquaintance of several Sharpers, and among the rest, of *Siceace*, who had formerly introduced him into the Company of our *Cleomira*, whom it was impossible for any Man to forget, who had once but beheld her.

These two meeting at the Tavern, *Bellmour* was praising the Beauty of the Lady he had seen with him at *Spring-Garden*. This was enough to set *Lindamour* a raving with all the Extasy of a Lover, which gave his Friend some Alarm, especially when he found that he resolv'd to make her his Wife.

You may come cheaper at her Favours I can assure (said *Bellmour*) which indeed I never attempted, unwilling to come after such a Scoundrel as *Siceace*, on whom she bestow'd the first she gave any Man, and so began to recount all you have heard, which he had from the Mouth of the Ingrate, who debauch'd her.

Linda-

Lindamour was Thunder-struck with this Relation, but would by no Means agree that this was the same Woman, tho' he confess'd at the same Time, that all he knew of her was from her own Account. *Bellmour* was positive, and *Lindamour* grew so warm, that a Quarrel had ensued, but that the former told him, Let us not quarrel, make you a just Enquiry, and if she be not the Woman, I'll make her and you all the honourable Amends you shall require. If my Zeal for your Reputation and Happiness have made me say more than pleases, let not that which merits your Thanks, draw down your Anger.

More Company coming in, the Discourse was at an End, but *Lindamour* was silent all the Night after. A settled Melancholly had seal'd his Lips, and so taken up with his Thoughts, that he minded not when *Bellamour* left the Company, of whom he had resolv'd to enquire all he could tell him: However he determin'd to take him with him the next Day, when he went to visit *Cleomira*, to undeceive either him or himself, which he accordingly did.

When *Lindamour* came in, *Cleomira* was surpriz'd to see him bring another with him, whom she had little Memory of, tho' she thought she had seen him somewhere before the transient View the Night before at *Spring-Garden*.

Madam, (said *Lindamour*) I hope I shall not displease you in bringing an old Friend to pay you a Visit. This Beginning added to the surprise of *Cleomira*, and made her double the amiable Red of her Face with frequent Blushes and Shame. If the Gentleman be your Friend (said she) he's welcome; but as for his being my old

old Acquaintance, I profess it is so old that I have quite forgot that I ever saw him before the last Night. Alas! Madam, said *Bellmour*, Mr. *Siceace* and I have had the Honour to sup with you more than once at the *Rose-Tavern*: Whose Happiness I could not chuse but envy, in possessing a Lady worthy a Prince's Arms.

Clémira renewed her Blushes, and yet redned more with Indignation. *Lindamour*, I deserve this Treatment for admitting your Addresses; yet it is not like a Man of Honour to bring one to insult me in my Lodgings. I desire you both to be gone; and for your part never to see me again, so little fond am I of those Honours you design'd me. *Lindamour* dead with the Severity of her Looks and her Words, would needs have made an Apology, but all in vain; for catching up her Hood and Scarff she flew out of the Room, and down Stairs with all the utmost speed, getting into a Hackney Coach which stood at the Door, she drove away, and left the two Friends to themselves.

Lindamour knew not his own Weakness, but now found, that let his Mistress be worse than *Bellmour* had made her, he could not live without her. This rais'd his Indignation against his Friend, which rising to Words, a Rencounter ensu'd, in which *Lindamour* had several Wounds, and *Bellmour* not a few. Being parted, both were convey'd home and frequently dress'd, before there was any Certainty of either of their Lives. *Bellmour's* Wounds were less dangerous and sooner cur'd, and therefore came to visit his Friend, in hopes that now he had worn off that Rage which his Folly had made him commit; but *Lindamour* would not see him, but sent him
Word,

Word, That if he desir'd his Life or his own, they two should be as great Strangers from that Day, as if they had never been acquainted-

Cleomira coming home in the Evening, heard the Event of that Interview with a secret Satisfaction, as being an Assurance that she still held her Empire over *Lindamour's* Heart, who daily sent to enquire after her, and solicit a Visit from her. Instead of which she removed from her Lodging the Day he had sent to let her know he intended to wait upon her; but so, that she contriv'd the place that she went to, should be found out by him on a diligent Enquiry.

Lindamor was now perfectly recover'd of his Wounds, but his Love grew more violent, so having at last found out his *Cleomira* again; he found her at Home, but as much out of Humour, in Appearance, as when he last saw her. With what Assurance, says she, can you come into the Presence of a Woman, whom you have so basely affronted? Do you think it is sufficient to satisfy my Honour, that the Blasphemer of it lives and triumphs in his Villany? He shall not live long, cry'd out *Lindamour*, and was instantly leaving the Room, till she call'd him back again. No *Lindamour*, said she, I am not so thirsty of Blood, at least, at the Hazard of your Life; I charge you therefore never to quarrel more on my Account. Perhaps he has accus'd me justly; perhaps I am that unhappy Woman whose Youth and want of Experience has betray'd me to a Credulity injurious to my Honour: And it is a Happiness for you, that you have made this Discovery; you may prevent the taking to your Arms, a Person that cannot bring all that Purity to them she wishes she could.

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Be just to your self, pity me, and see me no more; leave me to that miserable Fortune you found me in, and as for those generous Presents you have made me, I will instantly restore them.

She utter'd this with so irresistible a Grace, and with such a languishing Sorrow, that *Lindamour* could not bear it without crying out, O *Cleomira*! be what or who thou wilt, be but mine, and only mine for the future, I will marry thee this Moment, and put it in thy Power, to make me the most happy or miserable of Men. No, no, (said *Cleomira*) I have a Happiness to lose, and a perpetual Jealousy must be my Lot, if I have you, and daily Disquiets which I should be free from in a Cottage. Consider of it, examine your Heart, and then I will consider what to do.

In short, he came daily to her, press'd her with that Resolution and Obstinacy, that she, at last, yielded to marry him; nay, for his Quiet, agreed to go live in the Country, as they did for a whole Year, when she grew weary of the Retirement, and finding her absolute Power over him rather increase than diminish, she soon prevail'd with him to come to Town, and take a House in *Red-Lyon-Square*, which being nobly furnish'd, she gave herself up to enjoy all the Pleasures the Town could afford to the Young and the Fair, Plays, Operas, Consorts of Musick, the Ring, the Mall, Visiting Days, and Gaming.

Her Beauty could not want Admirers, and her Gayety could not be so much upon the Reserve, as to give the indulgent *Lindamour* no Disquiets. As her Pleasures increas'd, his Jealousies did so
also;

also ; but he never check'd her Disorders, but her Beauty put him to silence, and made him ask Pardon for her Offences. Let the Presumptions be ever so strong, her Charms were stronger ; and whatever Pains he felt, they were at last smother'd in his Bosom ; and plainly discover'd, that Jealon'y was too weak for Beauty.

Beaugard was a very handsome young Fellow, and so thought by all the Ladies who saw him ; he had, besides, a pretty agreeable Impertinence, which takes with too many of our Sex. Among all the Conquests he had made, none pleas'd him so well as that over *Cleomira*, whose Heart he was entirely Master of ; nay, the Amour was come to that height, that she took little care to conceal the criminal Effects of it. *Lindamour* had those, that inform'd him of his Disgrace, which yet he durst not resent, without some more substantial Proofs, than idle Reports. *Cleomira's* Confident was therefore corrupted to betray her to her Husband, when in the Embraces of her Gallant. But *Lindamour* was unwilling, even then, to be convinc'd of her Falshood ; but press'd on by meddling Relations, when he was thought absent, he was admitted into his own Apartment, when *Beaugard* and she were in his Bed, which whilst *Lindamour* was approaching, *Beaugard* gets out of, and from a Window, which happen'd to be on the inside the Bed, leapt into an adjacent Yard, and thro' much Hazard, made his Escape, leaving his Cloaths behind him.

Cleomira, immediately started from the Bed, discovering Ten Thousand Charms ; Well *Lindamour*, I deserve it, still the most ungrateful of Womankind, and with that run a little against

gainst the Point of his Sword, which making a small Flesh-wound, the Blood run trickling down; she fell backwards, and he into a Swoon at what he had done; coming to himself, *Oh Cleomira!* said he, *born for my Destruction, Live! live and repent this Injury to the most doating of Husbands.* He immediately sent for a Surgeon, and had her Wound dress'd; but soon took his Bed himself, and pin'd every day away, But she, as if become a new Creature, was the most assiduous about him of all his Family, would never stir out of the Room Night nor Day till *Lindamour* died; who, charm'd with her even in Death, left her his whole Estate for her Life, and was buried very sumptuously at the Widow's Expence; she placing a Monument over him, with the most tender Epitaph, that the most virtuous Wife could have invented.

Thus I think it is apparent, that a Woman can have no Qualifications of more Consequence than Beauty, since Infamy could not destroy its Power, Jealousy weaken it, nor Adultery end it.

The Company commended *Callona's* Story, and could not sufficiently admire *Lindamour's* Stupidity, and *Cleomira's* Ingratitude; and confess'd, if one Instance were sufficient to prove her Proposition, she had wonderfully succeeded.

This Story (said *Anchinoia*) seems to me, rather a Proof of the unexampled Softishness of one Man, than of the real and distinct Power of Beauty it self. And *Cleomira*, besides her Beauty, seems to have been Mistress of a great deal of Cunning and Address in the Management of the whole Affair, to which, in all likelihood,

lihood, she ow'd most of her Success. But to have prov'd the Effects of Beauty, *Callonia* should have found out a Lady. who had indeed no other Qualification. It is certain from Experience, that many a Man of Sense, who has been infinitely taken with the Person on a Conversation, has been entirely cur'd of a Passion so weakly grounded, as the outward Beauties of Face and Person.

Sir *John Suckling* was a Man of a great deal of Wit, and of as much Gallantry, as any of his Age ; he was paying a Visit to a Counsellour, who being abroad, he staid with his Lady till his Return ; when the Servant brought Word, that the young *Northumberland* Lady, Client of his Master's, was below. Sir *John*, said the Lady, you are an Admirer of the Fair and the Young, I do assure you, you will seldom see one more Beautiful than the Lady below ; if you will entertain her till my Husband's Return, you will oblige me. Sir *John* accepted the Commission, with a great deal of Satisfaction ; but the Lady of the House, was not a little surpriz'd to hear him coming up again in a Quarter of an Hour, swearing every step he took. How now, Sir *John*, said she, as he enter'd the Room, What ! tir'd so soon of the Company of a Lady so beautiful and young ! 'Gad, Madam, said he, she has talk'd me out of her Face ; she has been telling me how many Eggs a Penny at *Newcastle*. Certainly, there is nothing so intolerable as a beautiful Fool, I had much rather converse with her Picture, for that would not contradict me, when I should fancy so much Beauty of Body, must have some Charms of the Mind too ; but here

a Man of Sense, has no manner of Excuse for looking at her one Half Quarter of an Hour.

To this I might add the like Accident, that happen'd to *Viridomar*, a Man of Wit, whom the beauteous Appearance of a Fool had made a constant Man at *Westminster-Abbey* for Half a Year together, and yet he was not able to pay her a second Visit after the first Conversation. But the Story of Sir *William Eager*, and his Lady, will be a very evident Proof of my Assertion, That mere Beauty, unless join'd to other more valuable Qualities, is the weakest Tie a Woman can have on her Husband's Heart.



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Anchi-



Anchinoia's First TALE.

SIR *William Eager* was a *Shropshire* Gentleman of a very good Estate ; he was very young when he came to it, and a Man of Fire and Spirit, but something too rash and inconsiderate in his most important Undertakings, which made his Life a continu'd Series of Imprudence and Repentance.

Belinda was a Gentleman's Daughter of the same County, of a wonderful Beauty, but very weak Intellects ; her Fortune was not much disproportion'd to his. Dining one Day at her Father's, he was infinitely charm'd with the Daughtet, and so hot in the Pursuit, that he soon made his Love known to the old Gentleman, and as easily agreed on the Conditions. So marry'd they soon were, and *Belinda* carry'd home to his own Abode. A Week, or Month pass'd over tolerably well, but then she grew more indifferent every Day to him than other nor was she much concern'd at it, as having no great Notion of the Endearments of Husband and Wife, or any Apprehension of the Tenderness of Love.

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His Indifference grew at last to Dislike, and that was follow'd by continual Uneasiness at home, which made him seek for Pleasure abroad ; so that he became the most amorous of other Mens Wives, and the most negligent of his own of any Man in the Country. The Old, the Ugly, none escap'd his Addresses ; in which he grew so abandoned, that he never scrupled to declare his Amours before his Wife's Face. But the insipid Lump of Beauty was insensible of the Insolence. and never took the least Notice of either his or his Neighbours Accounts of his Debaucheries.

His Friends condemn'd him perpetually, that whilst he had so beautiful a Wife of his own, he could run in pursuit of such Dregs of the Sex, that a Man of any Delicacy would not be seen with. Sir *William* told them, that indeed he did once think he had marry'd a most beautiful Lady ; that many told him, she had the same Beauties still ; but that truly he could not discover them ; Time had worn them away, and that she appeared now the most disagreeable Creature, that he ever beheld ; That she was a Fool and could not therefore be handsome : That she was as negligent of her self, as of him ; and while she had no care to please, it was no wonder that he should not like her.

Her Friends endeavour'd to wake her, and to make her dress and appear gay ; but that she soon grew weary of, and he as soon relaps'd into his disquiet. Among the rest of her Relations she had an old Aunt, who was resolv'd to try whether Jealousy would reclaim him ; and she could not long want Gentlemen, who would be glad of attempting a Satisfaction, which drew

not after it the Repentance of Matrimony. Sir *John Pleasance* was the Man pitch'd upon, who being a kind of a Relation, she perswaded her self, that he would not press her Weakness so far as to bring the Amour to any thing criminal. But the old Gentlewoman was deceived, she was too easy and too pretty, for a young Gentleman to stop at the Preliminaries, and the Affair was gone too far before she discover'd her Mistake. With all the Reproaches imaginable she upbraided Sir *John*; he accus'd her on his Side of being the first Mover of the Intrigue. All she could do then was to endeavour to conceal the Disgrace of her Niece. But a Secret trusted to a Fool is never like long to be so. For when Sir *William* was bragging at a full Table of his lewd Actions, she plainly told him, that she was even with him, and as long as she had Sir *John Pleasance* at her Devotion, he might do what he pleas'd. Sir *Wil.* as much as he slighted her, had some Regard to his Honour, and questioned Sir *John* about it at the Table, where he then was; the Knight denies it like a Man of Honour, and so heartily, that the Company believ'd it, notwithstanding *Belinda's* obstinate persisting in the Fact. But all concluded that it was only to raise her Husband's Jealousy; and that if it were true, she would never be so mad, as to make so public a declaration of it.

Sir *John* was struck with this so nearly, that he would never after come near the House, and all the silly Letters she sent were of no manner of Effect, but to make him leave the Country. This gave Sir *William* a little Suspicion (but it soon pass'd over by hearing no more of it : And his daily Controversies with her, and repeated

peated Impertinencies, made him wish, that he could prove something of that Nature against her, that he might separate from her with a specious Pretence.

Belinda, who had already been guilty, and having no Notions of Honour to restrain her, soon pitch'd on one of her Husband's Servants ; but manag'd it so fillily, that the rest began to envy him, and that brought the Information to the Master, who soon having sufficient Proof of the Fact, turn'd her out of Doors ; broke up House keeping, and went away to *Landon* ; where her Friends answer'd his Complaints in *Doctors-Commons*, and proving Recriminations upon him, depriv'd him of the Satisfaction of getting a Divorce. But being oblig'd to allow her a Maintenance, she grew the Infamy of the Country, and he the Scandal of the Town, till having run out his Estate, he made a miserable End in Prison, and she ended her Days full of Contempt and Reproach ; giving a sufficient Proof, that meer Beauty is the most weak Securi-ty, that Woman can have of her Happiness.

Anchinoia having ended this Tale, all agreed that this was full as great a Proof against what *Callona* had advanc'd, as her's was for it ; with this difference, that *Cleomira* was not so just an Instance as *Belinda*, since she had other engaging Arts ; *Belinda* had none but her meer Beauty.

Tho' this may be said of Beauty, yet certainly (reassumed *Anchinoia*) there can be no such Instances given of WIT, that is a Beauty of the Soul, and every Day affords fresh Charms to engage a sensible Heart. Nay, How many indifferent Faces have we seen maintain a Tyranny

over their Adorers by Wit alone. *Riveria*, whose Face is all disfigur'd with the *Small-Pox*, whose Shape is of the Hostess Size, and has scarce one Grace of Person to make her taken Notice of, has held a more absolute Sway over her Lovers, in the midst of Inconstancy and Falshood, than half the Beauties of the Town.

The very Reputation of *Wit*, where it is not in Reality, has done Wonders, if there be any Thing like it to feed the Imagination and keep up the Fancy. *Melesinda's* Pertness has got her many Admirers, passing it on them for *Wit*. If therefore the poor Shadow of *Wit* can do such Wonders, What may we dot expect from the Possession of this admirable Quality? BEAUTY, like all Objects of the Eye, loses by a too familiar View; and Use takes from the Charms of the Person, as much as from the Uglinefs. But WIT never decays; it lasts to old Age, and restores that Youth which Time has robb'd us of; nay, I may say, that it increases with Years and Experience. The Advantage therefore, that WIT affords, must be the best Security to a Wife, since Death can only put an End to them. This, indeed, gives a Sprightliness and Gayety of Behaviour, that animates the Conversation where-ever it is found. Who can be heavy or dull in *Celia's* Company? Or who not languish in that of *Priscilla*? *Celia* rouses you with an agreeable Volubility of her Tongue, always expressing the Vigour of her Mind. *Priscilla* will sit by you four Hours, without saying one Word. Her Beauty indeed would almost bribe your Judgment to believe, that Silence was the Effect of her Thoughtfulness, when indeed it is so of her perfect Stupidity.

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To talk much and talk well, is the Talent of very few, but where it is enjoy'd, it brightens the Character. The Distinction between Man and Beast, I fancy is in nothing so great, as in being conversible, and in having the Power of communicating our Thoughts to each other; so that these silent Creatures with Human Countenances, have only that claim above their four-footed Brethren.

I am not speaking against Contemplation, but that is for the *Closet*, not for the *Visiting Day*; and the *Italian* Proverb is very just in that Point, *That he is a Fool that never Thinks, and he's a Fool that Thinks always*. Thus you find, That I am not pleading for Loquacity; but only a Brightness of Conversation, and a lively Delivery of our Thoughts when we come into Company; and this I think a very considerable Province of WIT.

After all the *Great Wits*, and Masters in Writing, have fail'd in their Definitions of this Excellence, and own'd their Incapacity of telling us what it is, I hope it will not be expected, that I should be more decisive in this Point. I shall leave every one therefore to his own Notion of Wit, and only endeavour to prove my Position by a *Tale*, which will shew of how great Consequence it was to the Affairs of young *Harriot*, how many Difficulties it freed her from, and how it maintain'd her Empire over her Husband's Heart, as long as he liv'd; which may be a sufficient Proof of the Security it must be to any Wife.

Anchi-



Anchinoia's Second TALE for WIT.

HARRIOT, was the Daughter of Sir *Ambrose Lightheart*, of the County of *Wilts.* Bart. who, according to the new Mode, left off the hearty Country Hospitality of his Ancestors, by which they maintained a great Interest in the County; and settling in Town, married a Lady of a good Family and Fortune; who having been bred at Court all her Life, was not satisfied till Sir *Ambrose* had purchas'd a Place, to fix him so near it, as never to be able to carry her far from it; for all beyond the Sight of the Court was to her the extremest Barbarism.

From such Parents, and in this part of the World, was our young *Harriot* deriv'd. From a Child brisk and airy, and recommended by an agreeable Assurance to all she convers'd with. As she was Gay in her Temper, so she always chose for Companions, those that were so too; the Silent and Sullen she mortally hated, and tho' she had generally her Share of the Discourse, yet she never would engross it, leaving every one Room to speak in his Turn. She was very dexterous at Repartee, and might be thought by some, a little malicious in her Reflections, which indeed was only the Effect of her Wit; for it is generally observ'd, That those who have the largest Share of that,

that, are the most poinant in their Discourse; the most quick in discovering the Failures of those about them, and the least apt to spare the Frailties of their Acquaintance.

As to her Person, she was little of Stature, light brown of Complection, very well proportioned in her Limbs, and not disagreeable in her Shape; her Face, as it was not transportingly charming, so was it far from indifferent; and altogether, she made a very desirable Figure, which heighten'd with the Gayety and Livelyness of her Behaviour, render'd her one of the most celebrated Toasts of her Reign, and drew the Addresses of a great many Admirers, whom she kept in equal Suspence, till Sir *Anthony Galliard* fell into her Company at my Lady *Younglove's Visiting-Day*, which was always the Rendezvous of the Young and the Fair.

Sir *Anthony* was about Twenty-two, and *Harriot* not above Seventeen when they had their first Interview at my Lady's. He was just come to a plentiful Fortune, and had set up the most splendid Equipage of any young Gentleman in Town. He was a profess'd Admirer of *Wit*, and was infinitely charm'd with *Harriot's* Conversation; and accordingly made his Addresses.

Harriot, tho' she found no particular Inclination to his Person, or thought it more engaging, than any of her other Adorers, yet from the first preferr'd him to them all; because she thought she discover'd in him some Qualities, which rendered him more eligible for a Husband. From his Estate she promis'd herself a support of her Pleasures in Dress and Diversions, and she flatter'd herself

herself that his Tongue gave Assurances, that she could manage him as she pleas'd.

This Opinion still strengthen'd itself on the Continuance of their Acquaintance : Which caused her to discover no great Reluctance to the Match, when propos'd to her by her Mother, whose good Graces Sir *Anthony* betimes had secur'd. In short, the Marriage was soon celebrated to the Satisfaction of both ; the Knight thought himself the most happy of Men in the Possession of so accomplish'd a Lady ; and *Harriot* thought her Condition not despicable, in being Mistress of so considerable a Fortune.

But as People of Wit are seldom possess'd with any violent Love, the Airyness of their Temper excluding Solidity, so Sir *Anthony* soon grew indifferent to his Wife, who never had known any strong Passion for his Person, but always took Care not to become so to him ; so she endeavour'd to keep up his Inclinations by the Art she had rais'd them, that is, by her Wit and gay Temper, till she fix'd her Empire so sure in his Heart that it was scarce in the Power of any thing to ruin it.

Being too sensible of her absolute Sway, like some Princes, she thought it of very little Consequence, unless extended to the utmost she could think of ; thus she would frequently take a Pleasure in contradicting his Inclinations in the most trivial Matters. He had no greater Pleasure than in her Conversation, and never eat with Satisfaction but when she was with him.

Dinner one Day being ready he sent for her down, but she sent him Word, that she was not disposed to dine that Day ; but that Answer was no way satisfactory, so that having it repeated
by

by two Messengers more, he goes to her himself. When he comes into her Chamber, he presses her to go with him to dinner, but she answers not one Word; the more he conjur'd her, the more obstinate she was in her Silence. He was extremely confounded at her Taciturnity, That being never thought one of her Failings, and fearing some Illness was the Cause, discover'd an infinite Concern for her Ailment

After this Pageant had been play'd for an Hour or two, she is prevail'd on by his Entreaties to be led by him into the Dining-Room, but tho' she sits down she will not eat one bit; he spends so much Time in persuading her and not eating any Thing himself, that the Dinner is all cold, which was before all spoil'd by the Delay in taking it up. So that both rise as empty as they sat down and all that Day is spent in bringing her into Humour.

This she frequently repeated, and as often made him her Property in whatever she pleased. But of all the Things she ever did, there was nothing could try his Temper more than when they were in the Country one Summer at his Seat in *Berkshire*.

Riding out a Hunting one Morning, he happen'd to meet with three or four Country Gentlemen of the greatest Note, and after the Sport was over, invited them home to Dinner, sending one of his Servants before to give Notice of his unexpected Guests, and to order Things fitting for their Reception.

Having sufficiently chid the Servant that brought the Message, she sends out the House-keeper, and most of the Servants on several idle Errands, far enough to keep them from the
House

House till Night, and then retires to her Chamber and throws herself on the Bed, as if she were sick, and gave her Maids such a Lesson, as made their Behaviour soon tire the Patience of their Master.

Sir *Anthony* comes home attended with his Friends, all with Appetites pretty well sharpen'd with the Exercise of the Morning. He calls for the Servants, who, the Maids told him, were all gone abroad, and that her Lady being sick, they could get nothing ready for his Entertainment. Mov'd with this, he runs up to his Wife's Chamber, but meets with no Redress there, but Complaints of her Illness, and Accusation of bringing Company to the House on Purpose to disturb her; that she had sent the Servants on more important Errands than the Attendance on a Company of Drunkards, as all Country Gentlemen were; that if he would entertain them, he must do't as well as he could by the Help of her Maids.

Satisfied (at least appearing so) with this Answer, he return'd to his Friends, makes an Apology for their Disappointment by his Wife's sudden Illness, that the Servants were necessarily sent out one to one Doctor, and one to another; one to the Apothecary, and another to the Surgeon; nay, two or three to a Midwife near twenty Miles off, as fearing his Wife should miscarry.

Well, the Maids go to Work as awkwardly as they were order'd, and all Things were so out of the Way, that it was Supper instead of Dinner-time, before they got any Victuals, and then in such Order, and so abominably spoil'd, that nobody could eat a Bit.

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But that which was worst, the Butler had taken the Keys of the Wine-Cellar, and a Smith was sent to be sent for from the next Town, to break open the Door.

The Abuse was too palpable not to appear to some of the Gentlemen, who were on the Road, some confirm'd by their Servants, that the Lady had only pretended Sickness, on Purpose to hinder their Enjoyment of her Husband and a Bottle, who therefore never troubled Sir *Anthony* with a Visit, whilst he remain'd in the Country, which was one of *Harriot's* chief Aims, to make him return to the Town, and give him a Disgust to the Gentlemen of the Country, who could resent the Misfortune of her Sickness in so Ungentlemen-like a Manner.

The Town indeed and Court, were Places much more agreeable to her Inclinations; for there she could converse Day and Night with the Gay and the Well-bred; could visit the Park and the Plays; have her Visiting-Days, Assemblies, and the like.

She was a passionate Lover of Gaming, but yet could not endure to think of losing her Husband's Money; not that it was his, but because she feared by doing that, not only to lose the Empire over her Husband's Heart, but the Ability of Living in Pomp, which might cease, if Gaming should carry away the Money that must supply her other Occasions.

This involv'd her in greater Crimes, and more unworthy of a Woman of Honour. She consider'd, that if she could have some other Fund for this Pleasure, she might, at once, gratify her Avarice (for I look upon the Love of Gaming to spring from Avarice) and her more
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criminal Inclinations. She had a great many Adorers, and not a few, that, from the Freedom of her Conversation, promised themselves Success in their Amours. But *Harriot* was not yet so far gone in Folly as to listen within any other Prospect to their Addresses, than the gratifying her Vanity, and therefore she made no Secrets of all her Conversation that way. Sir *Anthony* knew of it, and would merrily call this Beau his Wife's Gallant, and the other her Lover, secure in her Honour and Wit. He has been a hundred Times extremely diverted by hearing her rally these Gentlemen and their Amours ; pleased to think while so many admir'd his Wife, he only could please her and maintain her Inclinations, notwithstanding they had been marry'd so long ; for six Years had *Harriot* been my Lady *Galliard*, and had had no fewer than four Boys by Sir *Anthony*.

Yet was she young, gay and airy, and as much in Company as if she had not been marry'd a Year.

Tho' *Harriot* (therefore) had too guilty Designs, yet she found it some Difficulty to fix on her Man ; for he must not only be agreeable in her Eye, but he must have both Will and Ability to supply her Passion for Gaming.

Just at this Time, made a Figure in Town, a young Lord of a prodigious Estate, and about a hundred thousand Pounds in his Pocket, and who was a Man of Intrigue, and one that would spare no Cost to gratify his Pleasure. He had more than once seen the engaging *Harriot* at the Play, and at several Ladies Visiting-Days, and was so infinitely charm'd with her Wit, that no Expence could seem too great to purchase her Favours.

Favours. He had more than once made his Addresses to her, and she found, to her surprize, that she had not the same Indifference for him, that she constantly had experienced for all her other Adorers. Yet she understood better how to fix herself in his Heart, than to make the Conquest seem easy ; and the more her Inclinations declar'd for him, the more she withstood his Assaults.

Harriot had a Maid fit for her Purpose, whom having this in view, she had endear'd to her by a great many Bounties ; for those Creatures, have generally no other Religion or Honesty, but how to make the best Advantage of their Places ; her Name was *Phillis*. *Harriot* never went out but *Phillis* went with her, till she was known to all the Court-End of the Town to be her chief Favourite ; which drew a great many Presents from the Candidates, for her Lady's good Graces. She never refused any Gift, and was always so faithful, as to let her Lady know from whom they were presented ; and as faithfully deliver'd the Recommendations of the Donors. *Harriot* never check'd her, but only laugh'd at those who had thrown away their Money on so fruitless a Negotiation.

My Lord was not Ignorant of our *Phillis's* Interest with her Lady, and imagin'd that if he could bribe the Maid to his Side, he might soon find a Means of some favourable Admission to her Lady.

My Lord has *Phillis* so narrowly watched, that he finds her all alone in the Park one Morning so early that there was not many Witnesses of their Meeting. My pretty *Phillis*, said he, I have long waited for this Opportunity to en-

gage you in my Cause. What Cause, my Lord, reply'd the Maid, What Cause can I serve your Lordship in? I have long languish'd for a favourable Hearing from thy Lady—My Lady! Sir, interrupted *Phillis*. what do you mean—my Lady is a Lady of Honour, and gives Ear to no Cause, that she may not hear publickly. Be not angry, sweet *Phillis* (said my Lord) you shall take this Purse of Guineas, at least, for your charming Lady's Sake; and if you can have so much Pity for a poor unfortunate Lover, as to speak a good Word for me, this Purse has a Fellow. Alas! my Lord, (reply'd *Phillis*, on the Receipt of the Gold, in a much more complaisant Tone) I dare not mention this to my Lady, 'tis as much as my Place is worth; I know her so well, she will not hear me speak. Fear nothing, pretty *Phillis*, said my Lord, if thou dost lose thy Place on my Account, I will provide a better for thee. Well, my dear Lord, I will venture any thing for your Sake, (reply'd *Phillis*) if you will meet me at *Rosamond's* Pond this Evening in the Dusk, and in a Disguise, I will let you know the Event of my Negotiation.

Having agreed on this, they parted, and *Phillis* soon acquainted her Lady with this new Client, and his extraordinary Generosity. *Phillis* soon perceiv'd that *Harriot* treated not this Account as she used to do those of other Pretenders, and took thence a happy Omen for his Lordship's Amour.

Alas! my Girl, (said *Harriot*, with a Sigh) What dost thou say, my Lord! It is impossible; 't is impossible, that one so young, so gay, so rich, can doat so far upon me, who have been marry'd

marry'd these six Years, and have had four Children; the Bloom is gone, I am broken, I am grown old, it cannot be!

Phillis was not a little pleased with this Discourse of her Lady's, and soon replied, alas! Madam, Why do you offer your Charms so unjust a Violence; they are strong and bright as ever. Don't I know that you have new Admirers every Day? Have I not experienced the Benefit of all their Passions? No, no, Madam, your Beauties are all fresh and blooming as ever they were; and that Wit, of which you are Mistress will never let them decay. I say, my Lord does love you, doat on you, and will die for you, if you have not some Compassion for him. Let me give him some Hopes, I am to meet him again To-night, at *Rosamond's* Pond. Hold your Tongue, interrupted *Harriot*, and know that I shall not always forgive such Insolence, as to offer such an Affront to my Virtue and Honour: — 'Tis true (continued she, in a milder Tone) my Lord might be of some use to me, at this Time, with his Purse; but then to think of purchasing his Friendship with the Loss of my Honour, is what I cannot endure to think of. I was unfortunately drawn in last Night to play, and more unfortunately lost five hundred Pounds with that impudent Fellow *Sir Paul Pusber*; he has had the Assurance a long time, to make his Addresses to me, and now I expect he will have the Insolence to propose Terms of Composition, which I do not like; for from what he said after we had given over play, I must expect it.

Madam, (said *Phillis*) leave the Management of this Affair to me, and if my Lord deliver

you not from this Distress, I'll forfeit all your Favour for the future ; which when he has done, you may justly think what is due to such a Lover.

Harriot flung away from her without saying one Word, but *Phillis* took her Silence for Consent, and so met my Lord at the Place appointed ; for he was there at the Time, and catching hold of *Phillis's* Hand, Well, my pretty Messenger, do you bring me Hope or Despair ? Truly, my Lord, if any Credit is to be given to her Word, I can give you very little Hope, and yet, from a Stratagem I have in my Head, I fancy you need not altogether despair neither.

'Tis true, she does not say your old or ugly ; nay, she has no Fault to find with your Person, and confesses, that if it had not been for your mean Opinion of her Honour in this Attempt upon it, she could have a Friendship for you ; but imprecates the most terrible Judgments on herself, if ever she gives Ear to me any more on this Subject ; and threatens me, that for the next Offence of this Kind, I shall not only lose her Favour, but my Place ; yet, my Lord, I could tell you, I believe, how you might wonderfully oblige her.

Name the Way, and if it cost me Half my Estate, I will do it, said my Lord, in some Transport. Why you must know, my Lord, (said *Phillis*) my Lady is in a great deal of Trouble and Vexation, which are no Friends to Love. She was last Night drawn into play, and has lost five hundred Pounds to that horrid Wretch *Sir Paul Pusser* ; who has pretended to make her a conditional Complement of his Gains. Now, my Lord, you must know that *Sir Paul* is

is my Lady's last Aversion, and to be freed from his Incumbrance may work strangely upon her. I wish your Lordship would think a little upon it : She would not have her Husband know it, nor would she do any manner of Obligation to Sir *Paul*, I don't know but she may be easier under awe to a Person of your Lordship's fine Parts and Merits.

Enough my pretty *Phillis*, said my Lord, Do me the Favour to call at the *Cocoa-Tree* about an Hour hence in a Hackney-Coach, and in the mean while here is a Fee for your good Advice.

Thus *Phillis* and my Lord parted, but she was resolved not to go home to her Lady, till she carry'd her what she did not question but my Lord would send her. She was at the *Cocoa-Tree* exactly at the Time appointed, and the Coachman soon brought my Lord to the Coach, which entring, he gave her a Billet, and desir'd her to give it her Lady, with the Assurance that his whole Fortune was at her Command.

Phillis setting my Lord down, was not long before she got home, and found my Lady all in Tears, on having had a Letter from Sir *Paul*, pressing for his Money, or a more favourable Hearing of his Address. *Phillis* gave her my Lord's.——No, said she, I will read no more Letters from that impudent Sex. Nay, Madam, my Lord is not a Sir *Paul*, I'll pawn all my Reputation for him, tho' I know not the Contents, that you will like them much better, than those of the Knight's.

After many Persuasions, *Harriot* breaks open my Lord's Letter, and finds in it a Bill of a Thousand Pounds, and these few Words ;

Thus I amble on, and find no end of my I

I never, Madam, had a sincere Pleasure in the Ability of my Fortune till this Moment, when it enables me to do the least Service to the most charming and meritorious of her Sex. I seek no Reward for this Trifle ; but that you would believe, Madam, that there is nothing in my Power that I would not with Joy obey your Commands in.

This is generous indeed, said *Harriot*. Nay, (assum'd *Phillis*) as he is the handsomest, so he is the most generous of Men, and a Woman that does not think tenderly of such a Lover, must be more or less than Flesh and Blood. I confess (said *Harriot*) there is something more than ordinary due to a Generosity so very uncommon ; But I cannot think of sacrificing my Honour to any Consideration whatever.

Come, Madam, (said *Phillis*) let the Guilt be mine, I will so contrive it, that you need not blush for the Matter. Sir *Anthony* is out of Town, I have the Honour to be your Bedfellow. if I, without your Knowledge, surrender my Place to my Lord, how can you help it ?

No more of this wicked Discourse (said her Lady) but go to-morrow Morning and change the Bill into two, for Five hundred Pound each, and carry one of them to Sir *Paul* and take his Discharge, and abuse him as you think fit for his Insolence.

Phillis knew her Lady too well, not to plead for my Lord as long as she lay awake. But in the Morning, having done what her Lady order'd her, she took care to call on my Lord, and tell him that her Lady thought herself so much oblig'd to him beyond her Power to return it any way,

way, but that which her Honour forbids, and his, she hop'd, would not expect ; That she had never had a tender Thought for any Man alive before his Lordship ; that in denying him she offer'd the greatest Violence to herself.

Thus much from my Lady, (said *Phillis*) but now from my self : My Master, Sir *Anthony*, is now out of Town, nor is expected back this Month ; I am sure my Lady loves you, and if I venture to please her and you too, without her Consent, I hope the Crime is not past Forgiveness. I would, therefore, have your Lordship come this very Night, I will let you into her Chamber when she is in Bed ; she sleeps pretty soundly her first Sleep, so that you may easily undress your self and go to Bed to her ; when there, I leave the appeasing her to you, and the saving of my Place, which I thus manifestly hazard to gratify your Lordship.

My Lord was infinitely transported at this Contrivance of *Phillis*, and giving her a generous Reward dismiss'd her, with an Assurance of his being at her Lady's House at the Hour appointed, and that if she was as good as her Word, a much greater Reward, than she yet had met with, shou'd be sure to be her Portion.

In short *Phillis* kept her Word with my Lord, and so *Harriot* surrendred her Honour to her Avarice. And having once begun so criminal a Converse, she made no scruple of continuing it, till her extravagant Gaming had disgusted my Lord, and made him think of some less expensive Mistress.

When once we quit the Paths of Virtue, we fall from one degree to another of Vice ; and as Reputation never returns to a Woman, that

a Woman that has once been so imprudent to lose it, so it is very seldom, that when we have suffer'd our selves to transgress the bounds of Honour and Virtue, that we ever return into the beautiful Track again.

Harriot having lost this generous Lover, had not with him lost that destructive Lust of Gaming, which drew her into a thousand Inconveniences and Crimes; and Sir *Paul* himself, as much as she despis'd him, has been said to have reap'd the Benefit of his good Luck, or Art at Gaming, from a Lady so infatuated to so worthless a Diversion.

Having run through many Intrigues by this fatal Folly, she still had the Wit so to manage Affairs as to blind her poor Husband, whose former Experience of her treating her Lovers, confirm'd him in the Opinion that she was innocent, whatever Appearances were against her. As this heighten'd her Security, so it encreas'd her Folly. Not but she daily sacrificed, one or other to her Husband's Caprice, by that Means to preserve her Liberty unshaken.

We have seen the Men of fine Wit and good Sense, doat on a Fool, and it is therefore no Wonder, that when a Woman of Wit is so weak as to shake Hands with her Virtue, she should be in love with a Coxcomb. Yet *Harriot's* Love was still mingled with some Feeling or Prospect of Interest. For tho' my Lord himself, with all his admirable Qualifications, had never half the Power o'er her Heart, as young *Beauprim*; yet he had nothing to recommend him to her but his Person or his Wit, I believe she had never thrown the least Regard upon either. but his Estate set him on so advantageous a Ground,
that

that made every thing appear in a more grateful and engaging a manner, than the Person himself could ever have attain'd to without it.

Beauprim was a Gentleman's Son of a small Estate, tho' good Family, and the younger Brother of three ; so that his Expectations from his Father were very minute ; who as the greatest Aim of his Wishes, plac'd him with an Attorney : In whose Service he discover'd a particular Genius for Dress, or at least according to the Taste of the Inns of *Chancery*. Nature had done her Part for his Body, by giving him a good Shape, and Limbs very proportionable and handsome. His Face was too effeminately beautiful for a Man, having a fine Complexion, fresh and blooming, and every Thing in it fitter for a Lady than a Gallant ; to this we must add an Affectation which he retain'd through all his Course of *Beauetry*, and that was a Stiffness, that for fear of discomposing his Wig, made him always turn his whole Body together. He had but a very small Portion of Understanding, and knew not the least of a fine Conversation, yet had a Pertness of Discourse, qualified with a very handsome Assurance, which carried him through Company with a tolerable Reception ; but with the Generality of the Ladies he pass'd for a Wit, and even *Harriot* herself was so weak, as to be misled by the same Opinion, or Love. or some other Design, so that she made it her Business entirely to engage his Inclinations.

Harriot had taken a Disgust to her Favourite *Phillis*, who had not only been a perfect Leach to the Pockets of all her Adorers ; but presuming on her Knowledge of her Lady's Affairs, to take upon her too much, so that she had more than once pretended to impose a Gallant of her choosing

ting on her Inclinations. This made *Harriot* sensible too late, into what a Slavery she had brought herself, to a Creature, who, from her being conscious of her Guilt, aim'd now at a Power to encrease it for her own Profit, and to make her the most miserable of Properties.

Colonel *Worthless* was the first she presum'd to endeavour to prefer to her Lady's Embraces, against her Desire and Inclinations. He was a Person who made a Figure in his Coach, and by the lucky Plunder of some part of *Spain*, had brought home enough to support it, with the rest of his Expences, which were generally laid out in his Amours, and the Bottle.

He having been inform'd of the great Power of *Phillis* over her Lady, had made his Court to her to be the Instrument of his Happiness. *Phillis*, whose Avarice was insatiable, would let no Client go without Hopes, from whom she could draw any Advantage, listen'd to the Proposal, and made her Conditions, assuring him, That she durst not deny to do whatever she demanded.

The Colonel was no disagreeable Person; besides, a Soldier carries something endearing to the Sex, whose natural dependance on the Protection of Valour, gives them a peculiar Regard to those who profess it. Tho' *Phillis* carry'd her Point in this Affair, yet it gave her Lady that Disgust, that she ever hereafter entertain'd an Aversion to her, resolving by Degrees to disengage herself from her Tyranny, and with the first Opportunity she could get with Safety to her domestic Quiet to discard her.

She

She was no more carefs'd, as before, nor ever permitted again to go abroad with her, and when she had listen'd to *Beauprim*, she was resolv'd, that she should have no Share in the Confidence; but advising him to create an Intimacy with Sir *Anthony*, she did not fear, but by that Means, Opportunities would offer of gratifying their Desires.

Phillis, tho' she found her Favour in the Wain, yet flattering herself, that she knew too much already to let her Lady think it safe to lay her aside: And *Traffick*, a rich Merchant, falling in Love with *Harriot*, made her Maid very large Promises for her Endeavours. Money was her God, and to that she sacrific'd all her Considerations, and therefore had no tedious Deliberations, whether she should undertake the Cause of the Merchant; but having agreed on Terms, bid him not doubt of Success.

Harriot was soon assaulted by *Phillis*, and on the first Check, proceeded to Threats of discovering all that she knew, if a Denial was persisted in. *Harriot*, unable to bear this Affront, with Words of Resentment, chastis'd her with her Hands, and forbid her from that Moment, ever seeing her, but order'd her to be gone from her House.

Phillis, quite thunder-stricken with so unexpected a Conduct, became more submissive, concluding, that whatever she could say, after she was turn'd away in Disgrace, would bear no manner of Weight. She therefore submitted with all manner of Humility, and implor'd Forgiveness from a Lady, to whom she had so many Obligations; with many Tears and much entreating, she pacify'd her Lady, who permitted her to

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remain

remain with her till the next Offence : Little foreseeing the Design of her treacherous Servant.

Beauprim and *Sir Anthony* being grown very intimate, the two Lovers found means of a frequent and criminal Conversation ; which, tho' perfectly hidden from the suspectless Husband, was discovered by the more observing *Phillis*, whose Watchfulness was kept awake by Malice and Revenge, But how to effect this she could not tell, being sensible that her Lady had the entire Ascendant over her Master, and would therefore be incredulous to all she should offer.

It happen'd, that *Beaufort* was a distant Relation to *Sir Anthony*, and not having been long from Travel, was entirely belov'd by him, and had a Friendship, as sincere, for so deserving a Kinsman ; this brought him to his House, and his Years and his Temper, made him mingle with the Young and the Gay ; and here he too frequently met with poor *Harriot's* Disgrace, and soon grew acquainted with that scandalous Character she had got, and of which scarce any one was ignorant but her Husband.

He was much concern'd for the Honour of his Friend, and yet was afraid to let him know what the Town thought of him and his Lady, unless he could find some Opportunity of a fresh Discovery, that might effectually convince him. Whilst *Beaufort* was busied with these Thoughts, and musing on the unhappy Condition of his Friend, *Phillis* comes one Morning into his Room, and approaching him in a trembling manner, begg'd his Pardon for her Presumption, in intruding into his Apartment upon a Business of such a Nature, that she knew not what Reception it might find

find from him ; but, said she, you seem to have a perfect Friendship for my Master, and should therefore not be indifferent in what has so near a Regard to the Honour of his Family, as what I have to relate.

Beaufort, a little surprized to find this Prologue to her Business agree so strangely with his own Thoughts, that had but just engaged his Consideration as she enter'd his Chamber : You may assure your self (said he) that as there is no Man in the World for whom I have so strong a Friendship, as I have for Sir *Anthony*, so is there nothing that in the least concerns his Honour, but what I esteem my self to have an immediate Interest in.

Why truly (said *Phillis*) my Master is a very good Man, and the most indulgent of Husbands, and deserves a more grateful Return from my Lady than he has found, and is still likely to receive. It has grieved my Heart a thousand Times to see him abus'd in so scandalous a manner ; but, alas ! I never had Favour enough in his Eyes to dare to impart what Discoveries I made, and which indeed she never was at any great Pains to conceal ; yet I hop'd that in time she would quit her evil Ways, and think of her Duty ; after the entertaining of several Persons of all Distinctions, in the most guilty Amours, she has now at last given herself up to the greatest Coxcomb of the Age ; who yet, has had the Address to insinuate himself into the intimate Acquaintance of my Master, and by that Means obtain the more easy way of abusing him with his Wife. I know my Master will not believe this Truth, yet if you can prevail with him to pretend to go out of Town for a few Days,

and yet conceal himself in the House, he will be able to make such a Discovery, as may set him at Liberty from so abandon'd a Wife.

Beaufort was satisfied in the Truth of what she said, from the general Character he had heard from almost all her Acquaintance, and was resolved to endeavour at the undeceiving his Friend; and so giving the Maid a few Guineas for this Service, assur'd her of a greater Reward if the Business met with as successful an End as it deserved.

Beaufort found it the most difficult matter in the World, to fix the least Suspicion of his Wife's Virtue in Sir *Anthony's* Mind, but managing it with all the Art and Address he was Master of, and joining with him, that he ought not to give Credit to every idle Report; he yet urg'd, that his Honour ought not to slight that, which might be so easily tried to discover his Wife's Innocence or Guilt. With much ado, the Knight agreed to put his Fate to the Tryal, and accordingly with a very guilty and sorrowful Countenance, pretends to his Wife, that a sudden Business had call'd him out of Town for 3 or 4 Days.

Alas! my Dear, (said she) you are always leaving me to my self, falsely thinking, that the Spirit and Gayety of my Temper will always support me; but I know not how it is, that lessens with Years, and Love gathers new Force from the length of our Conversation. You shall not leave me now, but send your Man in your Room. What Business can you have which your Gentleman or Steward, cannot do as well as you?

This

This, seeming Kindness, struck the Knight to the Heart, and had almost corrupted him to discover the whole Matter. He Sigh'd most bitterly, look'd on her very wistly, and considering, that he could not come off with his Friend without this fatal Trial, recover'd new Force to tell her, That his Business was of that Nature, that it requir'd his own Presence. What, (said she a little pertly) I warrant, Sir *Anthony*, you have got some Intrigue on your Hands? For I cannot imagine that any Thing else cannot be done by Proxy, as well as in your own Person; yet if you resolve it, I must submit, I have more Confidence in your Love than to know the least Moment of Disquiet on an Account of that Nature. Go then, but I charge you take Care of yourself, and stay not an Hour beyond your promised Return.

Thus his Journey is agreed on, and she will not be content to let him go without seeing him three or four Miles out of Town. His Horses are led before him, and they in the Coach proceed to the Place of parting, and by the Way, she found him uneasy in his Mind, which made her Conjecture he had receiv'd some Information of her Affair with *Beauprim*, and that none was more likely to be at the Bottom than her *Phillis* in Disgrace.

In short, Sir *Anthony* and she part with all the seeming Regret in the World on both Sides. He rides directly towards the Country, and she returns to Town in her Coach, which she orders to set her down at my Lady *Wou'dbe's*, her particular Confident, tells her all her Suspicions, and demands her Advice. My Lady was an experienced Woman, and had been, all her Life

long, conversant with the Intrigues of the Town. It was therefore agreed, that Orders should be sent to *Beauprim*, not to come near the House during her Husband's Absence, on any Occasion, or for any Message, even from herself, concluding, that if it was any thing of a Trial of her Innocence, nothing would be left undone, by those who made it their Business to compleat her Destruction.

Her Stay was not very long at my Lady *Wou'dbe's*, to avoid Suspicion, and thence she drove directly home, retires to her Chamber, throws off her Dress, and puts on her Morning-Gown, orders some Books, partly Religious, and partly of Wit, to be laid by her, and there she sits like a disconsolate Turtle, during Sir *Anthony's* imagin'd abode in the Country.

In the Evening he is privately admitted by *Phillis*, had to her Chamber, dress'd in an old Woman's Attire, to pass undiscover'd, and past for her Aunt to that Servant, who brought up such Refreshment as was necessary. During this Time, *Phillis* took the Opportunity, now and then, to insinuate her Lady's Transgressions with my Lord and some others, or at least, to give such furious Suspicions of Guilt, as would not easily be eraz'd.

Sir *Anthony* was both pleased and surprized to find the Conduct of his Wife during his suppos'd Absence. One Day pass'd on, and she din'd in her Chamber, would see no Manner of Company, of either Sex, put off her Visiting-Day, and acted, to Perfection, the Part of an *Ephesian* Matron. *Phillis* was surpriz'd at this different Behaviour of her Lady, from all the Times of Sir *Anthony's* being abroad, when no-

thing

thing but Jollity and amorous Engagements took up her Time. She first thought that *Beauprim* was himself out of Town ; but finding him at his Lodgings, she feigns an Errand from her Lady to desire his Company, being very unwilling to miss her Revenge by so manifest a Counterplot. But here she was again confounded, when he answer'd her in Anger, and said, That he could not believe her Lady had sent her, with whom he had no Manner of Business.

Phillis assur'd him of the Truth of her Message ; but getting no other Answer, concluded, that either they were faln out, or that her Mistress had had some Intelligence of what was contriving against her. Full of these Thoughts she goes to young *Beaufort*, and lets him know all that had pass'd, with her Judgment upon it ; and to confirm the Truth of her Discovery, she produced a Letter of *Beauprim's* which she found in her Lady's Chamber, expressing the Raptures of a fortunate Lover ; but then there were no Superscription, or if there had been any, it was torn away.

The Time drew nigh of Sir *Anthony's* Return, and he was as privately convey'd out, as he had been into the House. When getting to his Horses, he in a few Hours, came home, as if out of the Coantry.

As soon as *Harriot* was told of his Arrival, she flew down Stairs in the Undress she had sat in, and run into his Arms with all the Eagerness of the most tender of Wives. She embraced him and kissed him, and forced such an apparent Joy at his Sight, that Sir *Anthony*, transported, forgot all his Jealousy, and firmly, at
that

that Time, believ'd her the most loyal Consort upon the Earth

The next Day he goes to see his Friend *Beaufort*, full of Reproaches for his unjust Accusation, and told him all the Particulars he had observ'd during his Concealment. *Beaufort* smil'd at the successful Wit of my Lady, and gave him the Letter which *Phillis* had given him. There happen'd to be some Words repeated as the Lady's, which he knew to be what his own Lady us'd on particular Occasions; but then being no Superscription, and Words being common to every body, this seem to have but little Weight in it. Yet all these Stories he had heard, and this Letter he had seen, stuck in his Mind: It made him so uneasy, and so visibly so, that *Harriot* herself soon perceiv'd it, which, with the former Suspicions she had entertain'd of *Phillis*, made her conclude that her Husband's Concern was founded on some Jealousy of her Fidelity.

Being therefore in Bed with him one Night, and hearing him Sigh, and finding him turn and toss without any Rest, she cunningly clasping him in her Arms, and pressing him with the most endearing Embraces, cry'd out to him in a very politic Manner, What is the Cause of all this Disquiet? What draws out these Groans, and renders your Hours of Rest so very uneasy? Have you lost any dear Friend? Is it any great Misfortune attending thee? The first let me supply, and the other I will bear with such Patience, that it shall banish all the Sorrow and Anxiety of the most capricious Turn of Fortune. I conjure you unbosome this Secret, which by concealing augments still its Violence.

Sir

Sir *Anthony*, sighing, told her, that he had been made very uneasy by some Reports, which touch'd both her Honour and his. She seem'd extremely surpriz'd, and press'd him most earnestly to let her know the Accusation, and if she could not clear herself of it, she desir'd no Favour from him; and from the World nothing but Shame and Confusion.

Upon this Declaration, and other importunate Entreaties, he confesses, that he had been told, that she had injur'd him so much as to allow those Freedoms to *Beauprim*, which nobody had a Right to but himself.

Harriot knew better the Nature of her Husband, and of the Thing itself, than to fly out into any Passion on this Account; but solemnly protesting her Innocence and Honour, she turn'd it off with a Laugh, saying, Is this all that has troubled you? If you had done me the Justice to have brought me and my Accusers Face to Face, you need not have had one Hour's Uneasiness upon so groundless a Story. Is there the least Probability of so wretched a Taste on thy *Harriot*, as that she should prefer so notorious a Coxcomb to her dear Sir *Anthony*, allow'd the Merit of a Man of Sense by every one that knows him? But if you would not kill me with Unkindness let me know my Accuser, by him or her, I shall be able the better to clear myself.

Sir *Anthony*, overcome by the Tears and Caresses of his Wife, fairly owns, that his Cousin *Beaufort*, and her Maid *Phillis*, were the Persons who had laid this to her Charge, and caused him to pretend Business out of Town, whilst he lay conceal'd at home to observe all she did.

Well

Well then, Sir *Anthony* (said she) very gravely, and what Discoveries did you make ! None, but what gave me infinite Satisfaction (reply'd he) and what would have put an End to my Trouble, but for their Stories, and a Letter, they say, was found in your Chamber from *Beauprim*, to a Lady, who had granted him the last Favour.

Oh ! the Malice of a rejected Lover (cry'd out my Lady) and of a reprobate Setvant ! I could easily clear myself of all this villainous Accusation, were it not out of Regard to thy Safety ; for rather than hazard thy Life in an infamous Quarrel, I will still undergo your jealous Opinions.

Sir *Anthony* press'd her very earnestly to explain herself in a Particular, on which the Happiness of all his Life depended : Which she still refus'd to do, till he had given her the most sacred Oaths, and binding Promises, she could invent, that he would not rise a Quarrel on the Discovery. Well, said she, then you shall hear the most complete Piece of Villainy and Treachery that ever was known. This very *Beaufort* is the only Man that ever had the Assurance to press so hard upon my Honour, that nothing but the highest Value for that, and my Love for you, could have withstood ; he first corrupted my Maid to solicit his detestable Suit, and having receiv'd it from her Mouth with some Heat, and corrected her with some Violence, I bid her begone ; but on her Submission and Shew of Repentance, I forgave her, and suffer'd her to stay ; and thus it is she has endeavour'd to reward a Clemency I ought nor indeed to have shewn.

I was

I was unwilling to make a Breach between two Friends and Relations, and hop'd that Time, and my constant Resistance, would bring him to himself, else had I told you of it long ago. But having gone farther the last Time, he made any Attempt, that could be forgiven, I forced myself from him, and swore I would let you know all his nauseous Addresses, the Minute you came in. But still afraid, that I should be the Cause of Bloodshed, I kept his Crimes conceal'd till he had got Time to throw it upon me, and to make me seem Guilty to thee with others, because I would not be so with him. To the Truth of this, I summon all that is Holy and Sacred. Thus it is plain, that it was not for your sake, that he came hither so often, profess'd that Friendship for you, but for mine, and to gain his Point by your Credulity in his Honour.

Sir *Anthony*, by this time, all in a Rage, cry'd out, This is a Villany of such a Magnitude, that it ought not to go unpunish'd. Hold, my dear Life, (said his Lady) remember your Oaths, remember my Felicity depends on your dear self, and scorn and forget him; swear never to converse with him, never to see him, forbid him your House, and turn away the Maid. You'll stifle thus the ill Effects of his Reports, so we shall live happily and easily hereafter; but that we may do so, I charge you forbid *Beauprim* your House also, for he is of so little concern to me, that I would not for a thousand *Beauprim*'s give my Love one Moment's Disquiet; nor shall he, for the future, ever come in the Place where I am; for in Comparison of thee, all Mankind are to me the last of Trifles. With
that,

that, throwing her Arms about him, and weeping, she melts down his Soul, till he swears *Beauprim* shall be his only Friend, and the false *Beaufort* entirely discarded.

The Maid the next Day is turn'd out of Doors with Disgrace, and threaten'd severely if she give her Tongue any Liberty with her Lady. The Friendship is entirely broken off with his Cousin *Beaufort*, and all other People deter'd by their Example, from ever pretending to give any fresh Information against her. So that now she was in the Height of her Security, her Husband entirely her Property, her Lover admitted to all the Freedom of Access, and the Servants taught, by the Fate of *Phillis*, to conceal, not discover the Failings of their Lady.

But here was the most prudent Part of her Life; she consider'd, that Fortune was never at a stand, that she had narrowly escap'd an imminent Danger of Ruin and Infamy; that she had avoided this more by Accident and her Husband's Indulgence, than by her good Conduct, and fear'd she should not often meet with such a lucky Concurrence of Circumstances, she therefore, at once, throws off all her gay Acquaintance, prevails with Sir *Anthony* to go live in the Country, where she ended her Days in an absolute Power over her Husband, which WIT only can give her, or any other Wife.

The End of Anchinoia's Second Tale.

The

The Company express'd their Satisfaction with *Anchinoia's* Tale ; and though some thought, that, like a true Wit, she had shewn her Love of talking a great deal, yet they all agreed, that the Variety of Adventures made sufficient Amends for its length, since a single Narration could only make a Story tedious and dull ; whereas, here the Aptness of the Reflections, and the Number of Incidents, kept up the Attention, till the End had fully answer'd the Expectation.

I find (said *Philophrosyne*, whose turn it was to speak) that *Anchinoia*, with a great many more, takes Wit to be Cunning, or an Address in disengaging one's self from Difficulties, which our own Folly have involv'd us in. There is another Error, which, I find the Ladies, that have spoken yet, have incurred, and that is, that they have given us Examples of Wives, who are far from meriting that Name, for where there is no Virtue, no other Qualification can justly render the Object worthy our Thoughts. And, indeed, the Instances which have been given, have been rather of the Weakness of Men, than of the Merit of the Ladies. I have another Objection to this Story of *Harriot*, besides her want of Virtue, and that is, that she ow'd her Dominion to her personal Qualities, as much, if not more, than those of her Wit ; wherea to have given the Preheminence to this, *Anchinoia* should have brought a Lady for the Proof of her Point, that ow'd nothing to any Beauties of Body, and wholly supported herself by those of her Mind.

I

I suppose

I suppose this Dispute was not how well a Woman might conceal her scandalous Weaknesses, of which she ought not to have been guilty, and impose on the Credulity of a fond doating Husband; but how a virtuous Wife should maintain her Credit with her Husband, and by rendering herself agreeable to him, make both their Lives happy. Or in other Words, I thought our Enquiry was to have been, which was the most valuable Excellence in a virtuous Wife, since no other is worthy of that Name.

I think it is sufficiently evident, that mere Beauty of a Person, is the least, and lowest of these Excellencies; and I believe it will be no difficult Matter to shew that WIT, which is only a Briskness of Fancy, seldom ballanced with the severe Poise of Judgment or Prudence, is as much deficient in the End we propose.

Under this Title of WIT, I shall not confine myself to that Pertness, which in too many Ladies, runs away with that Name; but shall extend it to the strongest Effects of Fancy in Writing especially of Poetry. And, indeed, there is nothing that has drawn more Admirers to our Sex, than our Pretensions to the Favour of the Muses; and if a Lady happen to have a pretty Knack of Versification, and communicate her Performances she seldom fails of recommending herself to the Witty and the Gay. And yet, alas! how poor a Prerogative does this gain us, when it inspires us with Pride, Self-conceit, Opiniatreture, Coquetry and Obstinacy, as too often we find it does some of our Lady Writers.

Clarinda was one of those, who having by her Wit, gain'd herself a very valuable Husband,

band, and so laid the Foundation of a Happiness she had little Reason else to have expected, destroy'd it all by the injudicious Effects of it in Affectation and Coquetry, and render'd both herself and her Husband the most unhappy Couple in the Kingdom. For the Lust of Praise is so prevalent in these Ladies, that tho' they suffer it not to corrupt their Virtue and Honour, yet it makes them venture at such Lengths, that they seldom come off, without the Loss of their Reputation ; which, in the Eye of the World, has full as dismal an Event.





Philophrosyne's First TALE against WIT.

CLARINDA was a Country Parson's Daughter, whose Living was about two hundred Pounds a Year; she had a Brother and two Sisters. The Brother was bred up to Learning, and taking Orders, had the good Fortune to succeed his Father in the same Parish. Her two Sisters being very handsom, and of a good and sober Education, were marry'd young, to two Gentlemen in the Country of competent Estates, and liv'd very happily. *Clarinda* was not at all indebted to Nature for any Beauties of Person; she was short of Stature, and grew pretty fat; she was much disfigur'd with the Small-Pox, had a large Face, small button Nose, little grey Eyes, which, (as *Shakespear* describes his *Venus*) were quick in turning, her Eye-brows very thin, and not at all graceful; she had a wide Mouth, and her Teeth very uneven, tho' white enough; her Neck was short, her Bosom disproportionably large, and her Hands and Arms large and fat.

Whether she were sensible of these Defects of her Person or not in her younger Days I can't tell; but she apply'd herself so much to Reading and the Improvment of her Mind, that one would think she had some Thoughts of making the

the Charms of that attone for the Disagreeableness of her Body ; yet when she was grown, and become conversant with the World, either the Flatteries that her Wit procur'd her, or her natural Vanity, made her act as if she believ'd her Eyes had as much Power as her Pen and Understanding.

She had, from the Beginning, a mighty Inclination to Poetry, in which her Success in one Song, fix'd her beyond any Cure. She had a Relation, a young Gentleman of about thousand Pounds a Year, who was in love with a young Lady of the Country, tho' much used to live in Town, especially all the Winter, and who had likewise a Fancy, that she had some Genius in Poetry.

After many Addresses, she did not seem averse to his Suit ; but one Day, as she was taking Snuff out of his Box, ——— 'Tis a new Subject, (said she) and if you will gain my good Graces, make me a Song on my taking Snuff out of your Box. The Gentleman was a little surpriz'd at the odd Caprice of his Mistress ; but yet very boldly promised to visit her the next Day, with his Endeavours that Way, not doubting but such Beauty would make a Poet of him, who had never slep'd on *Parnassus*, nor yet had an Acquaintance with any of the Muses.

Taking his Leave of her, he remember'd his Poetic Cousin, and rides directly over to her above twenty Miles from his Mistress and his own home. He tells her his Case, and desires her Assistance, vowing, that he would sufficiently pay her for her Labour, if she was but successful. She order'd him to go down and drink a Bottle with her Father, and in the mean Time,

she would try what she could do to gratify his Desire. In about an Hour's Time he return'd to his Cousin, and found that she had finish'd the the following Song.

On *Belinda's* taking Snuff out of
my Box.

I.

WHAT trembling Joy my Bosom shakes,
What pleasing Pangs I feel,
When from my Box *Belinda* takes the Musty or
Basil;
The poinant Powder from her Fingers gains
Force to encrease, but not assuage my Pains.

II.

While thro' th' infected Atoms strait the subtil
Poison spreads,
With Love each pregnant Atom freight
In each, alas! a lurking Cupid lies,
And from that Ambush wounds us by Surprise.

III.

In vain we strive to guard our Eyes, from your
resistless Charms,
Since from the Smell, alas! arise as sure and
strong Alarms.
Against such Power I seek no more Defence,
Since Safeties only form'd in want of Sense.

This Lover was infinitely pleased with his
Cousin's Performance, and taking Horse immediately, got home by Twelve at Night, transcribes the Verses, and makes a blotted Copy,

as if the Original, and a fair one for his Mistress, which he carries to her as soon as a convenient Hour in the Morning gave him an Opportunity of seeing her.

She was not less satisfy'd than her Lover, with what she supposed he had done, merely by the Inspiration of her Beauty. In short, whether she was before resolv'd to have him, or whether these Verses determin'd her Resolution, they were soon after marry'd; and the Gentleman believing his speedy Happiness was, in a great Measure, owing to his Cousin's good Poetry, he settled on her, for her Life, fifty Pounds a Year, and gave her fifty Guineas in Hand.

This exalted *Clarinda's* Opinion of her Parts, and made her resolve to quit the dull Country Life, and repair to the Rendezvous of the Gay, the Young and the Fair, the famous Metropolis of *London*.

Her Father being a Widower, was loath to part with his House-keeper, and the only Child he had, whom he could call his own; Marriage having given other Lords to his other two Daughters. But she was too obstinate in her Temper to let any Arguments, or any Considerations alter her Resolutions.

A Messenger was therefore soon sent to *Cambridge* (from whence she was distant not many Miles) to take a Place for her in the Coach: In which it was her Fortune to go up with a young Student of that University, whom we distinguish here by the Name of *Theophilus*, who was not only conversant with the Muses himself, but was acquainted with all the Beaux Esprits in *London* of either Sex.

Clarinda

Clarinda was extremely pleased to have met with such a Friend, who could gratify her Desires so far, as to introduce her among the Gay and the Witty. She communicated several of her Verses, which *Theophilus* lik'd, or seem'd to like very well. She was not ignorant of History, and had some Notion of all the chief Poets, especially of her own Country, which, with an agreeable Volubility of her Tongue, perfectly engag'd our young Student in her Service.

Being arriv'd in Town, *Clarinda* took Leave of her new Acquaintance at the Inn, being inform'd before how she might send to him, as soon as she was settled, which she did design to do by his Advice, as near *Covent-Garden* as she could: that being a Place, by Prescription, whither the Wits generally resorted. Her Cousin, to whom she first went, in a few Days found her a handsome Lodging in *Kingstreet*, where, when she was fix'd, *Theophilus* had soon Notice, and as soon repair'd to her Abode. He gallanted her about to the Female Wits, and introduced all the Male, whom he thought worth her Acquaintance.

It was not long before her Lodgings were the daily Resort of many of those who really had Wit, and not a few of those who had a Desire to be thought to have it. Here a Man might be sure to hear of all the Scandal of the Town, and a critical Account of all the Productions of *Parnassus*, where the present need fear nothing Shocking, and the absent were sure to have their Folly and Frailties sufficiently expos'd; the last that went out being the fresh Subject of their Discourse and their Raileries. But that being common to all Convocations of Wits, and

so frequent in most other Companies, it past as a Thing of Course, and no body was either exalted or cast down, by the Praise or Satyr of these Conversations.

Clarinda had now made a considerable Figure of this Nature for three or four Years in the Town, had ingratiated herself into the Intimacy of many of her own Sex of Quality, for she knew how to flatter them exquisitely well; and the Men of Figure and Quality, as well as those of Wit, constantly paid their Attendance at her Meetings.

Among the rest there was a Gentleman of two thousand Pounds a Year, who was a constant Visiter of *Clarinda's*; he had always been an Admirer and Acquaintance of all the Female Wits, and tho' *Clarinda* had nothing else to recommend her, yet she found the way to his Heart. *Witwou'd* (for that was his Name) was large of Body, corpulent and fat; as he was not directly deform'd, so was there nothing in his Person that could well recommend him to the good Graces of the Ladies: Yet his Vanity that Way was incredible, and to praise his Person was sure to wound his Soul.

Clarinda was resolv'd to make good Use of this Foible, and to secure what she promised herself, his Fortune in his Person, she omitted no way to engage him. But none was so effectual as perswading him that she was in love with him; but to do that with the greater Force, and so entirely engage his Vanity, she did it in Verse. The first she made on him was the following Song:

To

To *Lysander*. A SONG.

I.

WHAT pleasing Pangs assault my Heart,
 What painful Joys arise?
 When I receive the piercing Dart
 From dear *Lysander's* Eyes?
 Hope and Despair their hostile Forces join,
 And in my Breast unequal War maintain:
 Now soothing Hope persuades me he'll be mine,
 And then Despair declares those Hopes are vain.

II.

Such Charms united, who can shun,
 Where Wit and Beauty join?
 By one, alas! too much undone,
 No need that both combine.
 But then his Sense must generous Thoughts inspire,
 And in his Bosom tender Pity move,
 To save the tortur'd Martyr of Desire,
 And give the Cure, as he has given the Love.

She took care to let him see these Verses, without letting him know that they were directed to him; and when she had sufficiently raised his Vanity by Flattery, she threw the Discovery of it into the Scale to make it perfect Weight.

Wit would was secretly transported with the Knowledge of this, but conceal'd his Satisfaction, and pretended to be incredulous, that the Incense was offer'd to him: But begging a Copy of them, took his Leave with a very affected Gravity.

The next Time he came but one, she had another Charge for his Heart, which she deliver'd in these Words.

TO LYSANDER.

I.

WHY shine those charming Eyes so bright,
And flatter us with Joy?
If all their fierce malignant Light
Serve only to destroy.

II.

*A Dæmon in an Angel's Dress,
May with false Rays surprize;
Yet Mischiefs still the Fiend confess
In Spight of the Disguise.*

III.

*But Beauty's of Cælestial Kind
The Heavenly Nature share,
And while they wound the Eye and Mind,
Are still as kind as fair.*

IV.

*By Kindness then, dear Swain, approve
The Glories of your Face;
So form'd for Joy, so form'd for Love,
Of Jove's, not Pluto's Race.*

V.

*With Pleasure then I wou'd adore
And bless the Wounds you gave;
A willing Victim to your Power,
That wou'd not Damn, but Save.*

Tho'

Tho' this was the most palpable Flattery in the World to all, who saw the Verses, and knew the Man, yet he was so infinitely pleased with his own Person, as to think it capable, not only of such Execution on the Hearts of the Fair, but really had the better Opinion of their Sense and Taste who profess'd to admire him.

I shall trouble you but with one Copy more, which perfectly completed her Conquest, and made him ready to do whatsoever she pleased. 'Tis like the rest, written after the Manner of Cowley.

An Adieu to LOVE, and the too insensible LYSANDER.

I.

Farewel, thou foolish idle Boy!
Thou vainly boasted Pow'r!
Unable to augment my Joy,
At least my Peace restore-
For if too weak to wound Lysander's Breast,
No more with fruitless Pangs invade my Rest.

II.

But I thy fancy'd Pow'r disown,
Thy Empire o'er the Heart;
For from Lysander's Eyes alone
My Soul receiv'd the Dart.
His Eyes alone the fatal Poison gave,
His Eyes alone his dying Wretch can save.

III. In

III.

*In vain I sigh, in vain implore,
 I urge my Love in vain,
 The cruel Savain, whom I adore,
 Unmov'd does still remain ;
 Proud to give Torment, tho' form'd for Joy.
 Too slow to Save, too forward to Destroy.*

IV.

*Thou Ignis Fatuus of the Mind,
 Which leads our Hearts astray,
 Where we but disappointment find,
 And wander from our Way ;
 No more thy fleeting Beauties I'll admire ;
 Or follow more thy false fallacious Fire.*

V.

*To distant Climates I'll repair,
 And there forget my Pain ;
 Forget the Cause of my Despair,
 Nor think of him again.
 Lyfander's cruel Charms no more shall move :
 Along Adieu to him, along Adieu to Love.*

The last Stanza of this Song pierced him through the very Soul, and a Mixture of Vanity and Compassion made him resolve to have the Poetess whatever came on it ; and finding that she had as much Honour and Virtue as Wit, he proposed to make her his Wife. In short, all is agreed on, the Wedding-Day appointed, and to make as little Noise as was possible, it was resolv'd that both should go out of Town with a select Friend or two, and meeting between thiry

and forty Miles distant from *London*, they should there celebrate the Nuptials to their mutual Satisfaction.

Thus *Clarinda*, by the Force of her WIT, how really Meritorious in itself I pretend not to determine, had, from Obscurity, brought herself to be known and respected by the most sensible Part of the Town, and laid such a Foundation of Happiness for Life, as nothing but the same Cause could destroy. She was now Mistress of a reputable Husband, and a very good Estate, which are two very good Ingredients in the Composition of a Woman's Felicity

They liv'd with tolerable Satisfaction in the Country for two Months; but the Season of the Year, and *Clarinda's* extreme Love of Conversation, made this Retirement seem very displeasing and uncomfortable. To *London* they therefore came; and having taken a good House in *Leicester-Fields*, and furnish'd it very well, it was not long before *Clarinda* spread the News of her good Fortune, and Return to *London*, into every Quarter of the Town, with which she ever had any Correspondence.

Clarinda was as weak as her Husband in her Confidence in the Conquest of her Eyes, and had so great a Pleasure in Coquetry, that tho' she despised the Man, she was pleas'd with his Flatteries so far as to make such Advances, as common Conversation will by no Means allow; she was full of the Notion of *Platonic-Love*, and under that shelter'd abundance of those Imperinences, which would else have appear'd very odly.

Witwoman's

Wit-wou'd tho' possessed with so good an Opinion of himself, was yet very jealous in his Nature, and by consequence soon grew weary of such a promiscuous Concourse of Men and Women, as his Wife *Clarinda* drew together ; and those Freedoms she permitted to those, whom she call'd her Gallants, or *Platonic Lovers*. *Wit-wou'd* fancied, that was but a specious Name to cover more criminal Concerns ; and that human Frailty is not to be trusted to the very Brink of the Precipice, where the least Turn may ruin the Virtue and Honour of the bold Adventurer.

He therefore first admonishes his Lady, that this Conduct is not agreeable to him ; That she being now married, her Thoughts and Actions, as well as her Desires, should be directed to their mutual Peace and Happiness ; That he did not like those Freedoms she gave to Persons of no Relation to her, and being what might at least embolden their Attempts, and make them give a Loose to their Tongues. That whatever Notion she might have of the Matter. he was of Opinion, that any Woman, that would converse with a Man, in the Absence of her Husband, would deny him nothing he should ask, or with the least Earnestness importune. In short, That from that Day his Doors should be shut against all manner of Company.

Clarinda, tho' she seemed to hear him with Patience, yet it was with a malicious Attention, that hearing all he had to say, she might at once unburthen herself. Is it so (said she) Sir ? Is it already come to that ? Am I to be debarr'd of the Liberty of the rest of my Sex, because you

are such a Coxcomb to dislike it? Shall I discard all my *Spirituelle* Acquaintance and their bright Conversation, to sit in the Chimney Corner with you, casting the *Deux Yeux* on that lovely, that majestic Person, and listen only to that dull Discourse, which will always conclude in, at once, exposing your Vanity and Insipidness? prithee go to the Tavern, and drink your three Bottles, get drunk, come home, go to Bed and sleep, and then rise again and repeat the beastly Course, quite out of the Road of fine Conversation and Thinking, which you ought to have no manner of Conversation. In short, Mr. *Witwou'd*, to prevent all Disputes for the future, I will have whom I please come to my House, and with them I will converse as I please; for you, poor jealous Coxcomb, tho' I should despise thee as thou dost really deserve, yet I love my self too well to transgress the Bounds of Honour; or to put it into any Man's Power to injure my Reputation.

It wou'd be too tedious to run through this, and all other Dialogues of this Nature which every Day past between them, till from Words the surly Husband proceeded to Blows; from Blows to Separation of Beds, and from thence in a few Months both sides being obstinate, to Separation of Families. For, whilst both were obstinate, he standing on the Right of a Husband, and she upon the Prerogative of her Merit and Wit, and the Right of an *English* Wife, there could no Mediator be found to bring Matters to a more favourable Accommodation.

Tho'

Tho' *Clarinda* and her Husband, after infinite Bickerings, and a continual Combat of Tongues, and sometimes of Hands, were now parted, yet she took care to let him know, that he was not yet rid of her; *Doctors Commons* gave him Notice, that *Clarinda* was his Wife, and that there was a Thing call'd Separate Maintenance, which must be allow'd her. Which being adjust'd, one would imagine that *Clarinda* might at last have had some Respite from her Fatigue; but it was not in her Nature to bear a retir'd Life, so that having fix'd herself in new Lodgings, she took care to make them as formerly, the Rendezvous of the Gay and the Witty, and their Appendix.

Clarinda scarce ever thought of her Husband, or at least without the least Regret for the Difference between them. She was as gay a Coquet as if nothing had happened. *Wit-wou'd*, tho' parted, could not be quiet, and would often come and disturb the Company, belabour his Wife, and so again retire; till he had indeed sufficiently frighted every Body from her Company.

Then they would be reconcil'd and come again together; but there being no uniting such different Tempers, the Peace was never of any long Continuance, but Separation ensu'd once more, and that after a Year or two ended in coming again together. For he was not well with her, or without her.

She would always have her Coquet Airs, which shock'd her Reputation very much with more than her Husband, yet never transgress'd the Bounds of Duty; tho' I confess a Woman

of Honour ought to be like *Cæsar's Wife*, without the Suspicion, as well as Deed.

Theophilus, her first Acquaintance, had been long out of Town, and ignorant of the most memorable Revolutions of her Life, especially of the unsettled and various part of it since Matrimony. He retain'd his Love for her, and frequently express'd it, she receiv'd it as her Custom was, and gave him leave to be her Platonic Admirer. She was now again under Separation, and was alone with *Theophilus* in her Dining-Room, he making all the Protestations that his part allow'd him, and she as much on her Side; Kisses they are permitted, and every Freedom consistent with Modesty.

Witwou'd in his Rounds now visits his Lady, and as he comes up sees *Theophilus* kissing her, and she as patient as if he had been her Husband; this fir'd our jealous Madman, who drawing his Sword, flew into the Room, and run the unfortunate *Theophilus* through the Body, of which he instantly died; *Clarinda* expecting the same Fate, fled out of the Room, and whilst his Rage pursu'd her, the House was alarm'd, and he taken into Custody for the Murder of *Theophilus*, and committed to *Newgate*.

This was a melancholly Effect of her Follies, but the Consequence was more so, since she was compell'd to be an Evidence against her own Husband, and he was cast by her Evidence chiefly, the others being only Circumstances.

The rash *Witwou'd* is condemn'd, and with a great deal of Money and Interest obtain'd his Pardon; but then the Brother of *Theophilus* had lodg'd an Appeal, which held him in safe Custody,

study, till by his Money he made his Escape out of *England*, with an entire Averſion to *Clarinda*, curſing the Day he had ever ſeen her, and more that when he was ſo bewitch'd as to wed her.

This laſt Accident ſtruck poor *Clarinda* with ſome ſerious Reflections on the fatal Event of her Obſtinacy and Coquetry; when burning all her Books of Wit and Poetry, ſhe retir'd from Town into the remotest part of *Wales*, where contenting herſelf with her own Annuity of Fifty Pounds a Year, ſhe liv'd a miſerable and tormenting Life, till Death put an End to her Troubles, giving a ſufficient Proof of how little Conſequence *meer WIT*, is to the Accompliſhment of a Wife.

*The End of PHILOPHROSYNE's
firſt TALE.*

Thus we ſee (continued *Philophroſyne*) that it is not BEAUTY, that it is not WIT, that muſt render the Life of a Wife or Husband deſirable and happy. Moſt, if not all the Differences that happen in the married State, proceed from a Croſſneſs of Temper in one or both, without that Complaiſance and good Humour, that would break and ſoften the perverſeneſs of Wills, from whence ariſe the domeſtic Conteſts, and Controverſies ſo frequent in all Families.

When a Man finds himſelf uneaſy at home, by the Pride, Impertinence or Frowardneſs of his Wife, he naturally removes that diſquiet as much as he can, by ſeeking more Pleaſure abroad, either with his drinking Companions, or often in the more deſtructive Embraces of a Miſtreſs more compliant to his Humour, or by
her

her precarious Dependance, more industrious to lull him asleep in his Follies, and render herself more agreeable to his Fancy.

The Custom of Nations, if not Nature, has given a Superiority to the Husband; and let our fine Speculations be what they will, I do not see how we shall bring all the People, nay so much as one Nation in the World, to grant so much as an Equality of the Sexes. 'Tis true, we have frequently seen the Prudence of the Wife preserve the whole Family by the Wisdom of her Management. But then she must gain this Power of Management by some happy Address which gives her that Superiority which Nature or Custom had deny'd. And there is no surer Way to arrive at this Power, than a Patience and Complaisance of Temper, which shows that what she does, proceeds from an inviolable Love of her Husband.

Imperiousness, Obstinacy, Pride, may sometimes meet with surly Tempers, that may be compell'd to endure, what it is too lazy to resist; but then it is usually attended with perpetual Disquiets, and hourly Controversies, which must render the few Days of Life very unpleasant: And too often like a furious Torrent stop'd in its Course, it breaks down all the Dams and Mounds, and overflows all Considerations. Whereas *good Humour, Affability, Patience*, gives it way to flow on, and by insensible Degrees makes it quiet and manageable.

Other Qualities may prevail for a Time; but as their Dominion is far from agreeable and easy, so it is ten to one but they are depos'd, and the latter End is ten times more insupportable than their Beginning.

But

But that I may make this out with the more Pleasure and Force, I shall give you a Tale of a Lady, who by following this Method, not only reclaim'd one of the worst of Husbands, but liv'd to reap that Benefit of her Conduct, that made her and her Husband end their Days in the greatest Felicity imaginable.



Philo



Philophrosyne's Second TALE for
Good Humour.

F*eliciana* was the Daughter of my Neighbour Sir *William Wealthy*, in the County of *Middlesex*: He got a great Estate by Trade, and besides, his Land was worth more than One hundred thousand Pounds. He had three Sons and five Daughters; to each of whom he gave a considerable Fortune. His eldest Son had three thousand a Year settled on him on the Day of his Marriage; his second Son two thousand, and the youngest one thousand; besides which Estate, he gave his eldest twenty thousand Pounds in Money, and ten thousand Pounds to his second, and five to his third.

As he did thus equally with his Male Children, so he observ'd the same Proportion in some Measure, among the Female. Four of his Daughters were very beautiful, and marry'd even above their Fortunes. *Feliciana* the eldest, had little to recommend her but her good Humour and her Fortune: She was indeed comely, but had nothing so engaging in her Person as to procure her a Husband merely for her own Sake.

Young *Wildair* was about Three and Twenty, his Father had many Children to provide for, and an Estate, tho' wholly free from Debt, yet oblig'd to provide Fortunes for the younger. He was of a good Family, and had many Relations,
Men

Men of considerable Estates, but all furnish'd with so numerous an Off-spring of their own, that there was but very little Prospect that young *Wildair* could ever be the better for any of them.

The old Gentleman being intimately acquainted with Sir *William*, had long had an Eye on *Felician*a for a Wife to his Son, not only because he expected that her Father would do more for her than for any of his other Daughters, as being his Favourite; but because he had always observ'd in her such a Sweetness of Temper, as he thought would be necessary for the qualifying the hot and roving Humour of his Son.

The old Gentlemen were soon agreed, and *Felician*a, who was always entirely obedient to her Father's Will, made no Difficulty of obeying whatever he commanded, he gave her 20,000*l.* and insisted only on seven hundred Pounds a Year Jointure, which was agreed to, and all Things fix'd for the Marriage, *Wildair*'s Father settling immediately on them 1200*l.* a Year, which was as much as he could spare from himself and the rest of his Family, tho' two Thirds of *Felician*a's Portion was deliver'd to him to provide his Daughters.

Young *Wildair* was between Three and Four and Twenty when he marry'd, and *Felician*a about Sixteen: He all Gaiety, Looseness and Extravagance, she all Gravity and Parcmionious. Nor did she obey her Father by Halves; but when she was assur'd that he was to be her Husband, she set herself to teach her Heart and Inclinations to love him with a perfect Tenderness. But he looks upon the Match as one of his Father's, not his own making: As he had no Manner of Love for her Person before Marriage, so
he

he could scarce force himself to the Rules of Common Civility after it.

Removing after two Months from his Father's House, he took one in Town, under Pretence of endeavouring to better his Fortune, by getting some Place at Court, either by Purchase or Friendship.

Here was the Beginning of *Felicianas*'s hard Trials, which his foregoing Indifference gave but too certain a Promise of before he left his Father's. He first began to alter his Hours, changing Night into Day, and never coming home sober; or losing his Money at Gaming, which putting him in an ill Humour, those he met with at home were sure to have the effect of. His Servants were sworn'd at, every Thing thrown about, and nothing but Imprecations and Curses were heard till they got him to Bed and asleep.

But none had a greater Share of these than the unfortunate *Felicianas*, who would never go to Bed till she saw him in his, and to which he deny'd her Access, not only with inhuman Words, but sometimes with his Feet, tho' she was now with Child. She bore it with all the Patience imaginable, insomuch that she never gaye him an ill Word, nor complain'd to her Father, or any other Relation that used to come to see her, always disguising his Faults, and giving that good Character that she hop'd one Day or other she should bring him to deserve.

As if Gaming and Drinking were Vices too little Expensive, he now gives himself over to Lewdness. First he takes a Mistress and keeps her in the most public Manner: Nothing was too fine, nothing too dear for her that she desired; whilst for his Wife he thought every Thing too good;

good ; nay, would take her very Jewels and Plate from her to give to his Mistress. *Felician*a, a perfect Mistress of Patience, never discover'd the least Regret, or endeavour'd to contradict his Humour in its utmost Extravagance. When he came home she receiv'd him with open Arms, and when he thrust her from him, she would, with the utmost Meekness and Gentleness, yield to his Brutality.

Phryne (for so we shall call his Mistress) used him much otherwise, she was insolent, proud and wanton ; she play'd him false every Hour, and always pick'd Quarrels with him, that he might buy his Peace, not only with the vilest Submissions, but with Money or something as valuable.

He was told of her Falshood by his Friends ; but still, bewitch'd to her Charms, he could not forsake her, nay, would sacrifice every Thing dear to him to her Will.

*Felician*a had been brought to-bed of a most lovely Boy, which one would have thought might have made the Father a little more regardful of her ; but instead of that, he never saw her in her Lying-in, and took all the Care imaginable to let her have as little that was necessary for her Condition as he could ; which yet was supplied by the Kindness of her Sisters. Who when they would aggravate Matters against him, she would calmly oppose them, and say, He was yet a young Man, and that she did not at all doubt of having a great deal of Comfort in his Love.

In short, whether his kept Mistress, or any other Madam Strumpet had given it him, he brings home a loathsome Disease : Well, nobody

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must

must attend him, nobody did the most servile and stinking Offices about him but his own Wife ; for indeed she would never be from him Day nor Night.

By the Irregularity of his Living, this troublesome Course of Physick continued some Months, during all which there was nothing in Nature could be so ill-natur'd and vexatious to all about him, especially to his Wife, whom he would curse that she had no more Charms, else had he been free from this Misfortune ; throwing all his own Villanies on her Defect of Beauty.

This Course was no sooner over, but he run into all the same Extravagancies, he continuing daily to offer new Injuries, and she to bear them without the least Complaint.

It was no Wonder if his Estate went to Shipwreck by this wild Course of Life. Debts were every Day contracted ; and all he had was made away to supply his Debauches. But length his Father died with Grief at his Ways, and left the rest of his Estate to young *Wildair's* Child, out of his Power to touch. *Felician's* Father likewise departed this Life, leaving her eldest Brother his Executor and Trustee for his Daughter *Felician's* Jointure.

In short, *Wildair's* Debts grew so numerous, and his Means of paying them so small, that he is every Day arrested ; and his Household Goods all seiz'd, while his Wife and Child is turn'd out of Door, and he confin'd to a Gaol.

Felician's Brothers would immediately have taken her and her Child home ; but she leaving the Child with them, desiring a little Money, goes to Prison to her Husband, who was now reduced to the entire Want of all Things. She
cherish'd

cherish'd him with her kind Words and engaging Behaviour, and endeavoured to pacify his Rage at his present Misfortunes; but nothing would touch his stubborn Heart. When he had Money he spent it in Drinking, and even in lewd Women, under that Confinement; but the patient *Felician*a bore all, without the least Word of Reproach: When he had no Money he would certainly abuse her, nor would he let her sit down with him to eat of the homely and short Commons which his Purse than afforded; of which, if any thing were left, he bid her, with a Curse, Go cram your ungodly Gut with what was too good for her.

At last his disorderly Life, and the Closeness of the Prison, threw him into a Fit of Sickness, in which she attended and nursed him with indefatigable Diligence, till the very Brutes of the Prison pitied her Condition; and in the Room, when, they thought him asleep, accused her tame Folly for being so careful of him, since she could hope nothing from his Recovery but a Prolongation of her Misery, whereas his Death would set her free from the most abandon'd of Husbands.

She loudly rebuk'd them for their Discourse, and told them, that what she did was because she lov'd him, and if he did not do so well by her as they imagin'd he should, it was because he did not love her; he was her Husband, which added a Duty to her Love, that she could never be slack in as long as he liv'd.

This a little touch'd the young Gentleman and gave him a little tender Behaviour toward *Felician*a. He a little recovers; but the Doctors said, if he continu'd in that Place, he must

surely die. This was enough for the Love of *Felicia* to work on; she immediately caused his Debts to be enquir'd into, and found that if she could part with her Jointure, it would set him at Liberty, and leave her about threescore Pounds a Year to live on. She takes no Notice of any thing to her Husband, but makes so strong and continu'd an Application to her Brother, that purely to save her Life, which she protested could not out last that of her Husband, *Wildair* is set at Liberty, and remov'd into the Country, attended by his Wife and his Child, and only one Maid Servant, in order to recover his Health. His Illness confined him some Weeks, in which, reflecting on the Falshood of Friends and Mistresses, who despised him in his Poverty and in Prison, and that on the contrary, his Wife, who had the most Reason to desert him for the Parbarity of his Usage, would never be from him, had always bore his unsufferable Usage with a perfect Quiet and good Humour; had nursed him in Prison, and kept him from starving there; had parted with her Jointure to set him at Liberty; and when she might have liv'd with her Relations in Plenty and Pomp, chose rather to pass her Life in Obscurity with him; and that she bore their evil Fortune with such Chearfulness and Ease, that might make it very tolerable to him from whom only it sprung.

Convinced with all these Reflections, he tenderly embraced his Wife, and told her, she had made a perfect Convert; that he was sensible he had been Master of a Jewel, whose Value he had been ignorant of, and only wish'd it were possible for him to give a Proof of the Sincerity of his Conversion. But all that he could do, was

to make their narrow Circumstances as easy as he could ; all the Trouble he had was on her Account, that he had brought her to so low a Condition.

Alas ! said she, my dear Husband, I am overpaid for what is past, by this your dear Kindness. I suffer'd not at all, for I lov'd you, and Love made every thing easy to me ; I desire no further Proof of your Conversion, but to love me, if you can ; if you cannot find me worthy of that Blessing, I will make it the whole Endeavours of my Life to purchase your Esteem.

Thus kindly embracing, the Days of *Felici-
ciana's* Life began from that Moment to be happy, a perfect Unanimity and Concord was in all they said and did:

They liv'd with so much Harmony and Love in their little Retirement, that they became the Admiration of all about them ; and having liv'd there some Years, *Wildair* had the good Fortune to have no fewer die, between him and an Estate of two thousand Pounds a Year, than fourteen People.

This plentiful Fortune thus coming upon him, he took Care to make his dear *Felici-
ciana* amends, settling One thousand immediately on her for her Jointure, and the rest on her Children, in their several Degrees ; and having liv'd many Years happily together, they died in a good Old Age, seeing all their Off-spring settled and provided for, and giving an undeniable Proof of the wonderful Efficacy of *Patience* and *Good Humour*.

The End of Philophrosyne's Second Tale.

Every Body declar'd their Satisfaction in *Philoprosyne's* Tale ; but it was objected, That they were afraid the Character of *Felician*a was too singular to hope that it should pass into an Example, to be follow'd in our Days.

Besides, (assum'd *Pronima*) it carries such a Face of Stupidity, that it would have no Manner of Force on the Minds of a great many Men, but would create a Contempt for a Spirit that was only form'd to bear Injuries.

I am not speaking against *Good Humour* and *Patience* in a Wife, they are excellent Qualities, and contribute much to the Happiness of a Family ; but then their Force is infinitely increased when guided by Discretion, which can only distinguish how and when to apply the several Degrees of *Good Humour* and *Patience*, according the Temper of the Man, and the Circumstances of Time and Place.

This extreme and injudicious Passiveness, is so far from reforming some Men, that they make use of it to promote their Transgressions.

My Lord *Various* having met with such a Lady, he brought her not only to bear seeing her Bed abused, but to provide Means for him to abuse it.

The Conduct of the prudent *Parthenia*, will, I doubt not, (pursu'd *Pronima*) be a sufficient Confirmation of what I assert.

Pronima's



Pronima's TALE for Discretion.

PARTHENIA was the Daughter of a Gentleman of about two thousand Pounds a Year, who had a pretty numerous Family, and therefore not very able to give her any great Fortune, to marry her equal to her Merit, which Defect, however, was in some Measure made up, by four thousand Pounds left her by a Relation. She had her Education with an Aunt, who lov'd her as her own, and took Care that she should want no Education that was necessary to render an excellent Wife.

She was of a middle Stature, well-shap'd, and of a very agreeable Countenance; her Hair was next to Black, her Eyes Hazle, and every Feature contributed to make her what may be justly call Handsome. Nature, to a lovely Body had join'd a more lovely Soul, and a Temper of that Sweetness and Complaisance, as made her belov'd by all who knew her.

Parthenia, with these Perfections, could not be without Admirers, and many Candidates for her Love; but of all, there was none so agreeable and so deserving of her Esteem as the young Lord *Worthy*. His Father had been eminent in the State, and not less so in the Republick of WIT, having shewn himself a judicious Patron, as well as considerable Genius. All his Virtues and good Qualities were inherited by the

the Son, as well as his Title and Estate, which was not inconsiderable.

Parthenia's Aunt was very well pleased with a Conquest, that if sincere, must redound so much to the Happiness, Reputation and Honour of her Niece ; but yet was so diffident of so unexpected a good Fortune, that she permitted his Visits with the utmost Caution, and warn'd *Parthenia* to harken to him with greater Severity than any of her other Adorers, whose Birth and whose Fortune were more on a level with hers.

But, my Lord, incapable of any little Designs, was too ingenious in his Pretensions, to let them long labour under any Suspicion of his Intentions. And *Parthenia* was so well satisfied in his Assurances, that she surrender'd her Heart, and then could not long deny the Surrendry of her Person in the Bands of Matrimony. The Nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of Satisfaction on both Sides, and her Aunt (for her Father and Mother were now dead) gave her Consent with a particular Joy.

As this was a Match made by the free Choice and Inclinations of the Parties concern'd, so was not the Union of their Persons the End of their Joys ; Marriage seem'd to heighten their Enjoyment, and every Day to add an Increase of Desire and Happiness.

My Lord was a Man of an extraordinary Sweetness and Affability of Temper, too little Suspicious of the Professions of those he conversed with, and so the more easily imposed on and misled by those in whom he had put any Confidence, tho' without that Caution that a Man

of

of Quality ought to use in selecting his Companions.

This Easiness and Credulity of Temper, had like to have lessen'd that domestic Content which he enjoy'd above any of his Contemporaries; but the admirable Discretion of *Parthenia* was not to be vanquish'd.

My Lord, among his most intimate Acquaintance, had entertain'd one that was a Man of a very merry Conversation, and whose particular Talent was to make the Company laugh as much and think as little as possible (whom we shall here know by the Name of Sir *Thoughtless Jolly*) the Hours pass'd pleasantly, whilst his voluble Tongue kept Time with the Glass, till Drunkenness stole on the Company, and their Sense and Understanding were drown'd in their Liquor.

This brought my Lord often to keep ill Hours, and did no small Injury to his Health. *Parthenia* was not a little concern'd at this Conduct, but knew that any violent Opposition would but heighten the Mischief. She took care that all Things should be easy at home; and thought it her Duty to make herself as agreeable as she could.

The Family Affairs were manag'd to the utmost Nicety, and Accounts so well kept, that she never exceeded my Lord's annual Allowance for those Uses, and all her Tradesmen honourably paid, by which Means every Thing came cheaper, and the Housekeeping was better than almost double the Sum would have maintain'd by those extortionary Payments which an unreasonable Credit obliges the Tradesmen to impose on the Quality that are such ill Husband.

Sir *Thoughtless Jolly* was a Man of some tolerable Fortune, but by no Means sufficient to answer the expensive Manner of his Living, and the great Company he kept. To supply this Deficiency, he had long been a private Setter to the Gamesters, which his Conversation with the Young and the Rich gave him the Opportunity of doing, without discovering himself to have any Hand in the Trepan. To render himself the more powerful to the Quality he had to do with, he always made himself necessary or instrumental in their Pleasures, being sensible that most Men are fonder of those who promote their Follies and Vices, than those who would improve their Virtue and Understanding.

To this End he had a very good Intelligence with the Women of the Town, and soon had Information of any young Creature admitted into the abandon'd Society, and thus was never without some new Face, to engage his Acquaintance.

He was Master of such an Address in this Mystery of Iniquity, that the most Cautious and Virtuous could scarce avoid the Snare he laid for them.

My Lord *Worthy* was a Man as little inclin'd to any of these Follies, as any Man alive; and yet had this Villain the Cunning to draw him into all; it is true, that his Lordship lov'd the Diversion of Gaming, yet never had been Guilty of any Excess that Way, till betray'd by the Witchery of this designing Companion.

Parthenia soon found it out by the Alteration of his Temper, which often was ruffled on his Losses, and began to lose that Satisfaction which he used to discover; that he found in the Company of his Lady. Not that he ever departed
from

from that Civility and good Manners which too many Wives think sufficient in a Husband : But *Parthenia* took Care to omit nothing of her Duty, or zealous Care of his Humour and Inclinations, never disgusting him by fruitless Reproaches, nor Fondness when she found it would not be agreeable ; for, for Want of Discretion, a Woman may make the greatest Endearments the most troublesome.

The Tenderness of Love may be often ill-tim'd, and a suspectless Neglect or Gaiety of Behaviour may strike deeper and more surely. *Parthenia's* Discretion made her gay or fond, as she found him in Temper to receive either. By this Means, without letting him know that she had the least Information of the Matter, she would propose Gaiety at home, with such Company as she thought would most please him. Sir *Thoughtless* to be sure must be one, without whom my Lord knew no Conversation that was perfectly agreeable.

Parthenia soon fathom'd his Depth, and found out both the Fool and the Rogue in the plausible Talker.

It happen'd about this Time that *Araminta*, a beautiful young Lady, who had marry'd a Kinsman of my Lord's, was extremely uneasy by her Jealousy, or indeed certain Information of her Husband's keeping a Miss, and what was more detrimental to his Family, his being got into the Hands of Sharpers, and in danger of being ruin'd by Gaming.

Araminta came one Day to visit *Parthenia*, and found my Lord at home : Her Eyes discover'd that she had been shedding abundance of Tears, and her Countenance declar'd that her
Grief

Grief was very strong in her. My Lord and *Parthenia* press'd to know the Cause of her Sorrow, which after some Persuasion, she did, by accusing her Husband with Falshood to her Bed, and Treachery to himself and and Family, by throwing away his Money at Play; and told them plainly, that if he would not reform, she would leave him to himself, and return to her Relations.

My dear *Araminta* (said *Parthenia*) give me leave to be free with you, and I do not doubt but to put you in a Way of reclaiming your Husband, which your leaving him will never effect. No, no, said *Araminta*, there is no Manner of Hopes of him, he is led like a Child, by an honest Fellow, as he calls him, a perpetual Laughter, a Buffoon, a Retailer of the Scandal, and all the little Tales of the Town, he is his every Thing, and yet betrays him in every thing, and to every Sharper he knows.

My Lord your Husband (said *Parthenia*) is no Fool, he is young indeed, and therefore liable to fall into the Frailties of Youth; yet I fancy, with the help of a little prudential good Humour, such Charms and other Merits of which you are Mistress, would open his Eyes far enough to see the Difference betwixt the mercenary Caresses of an abandon'd Harlot, and the tender Endearments of a virtuous Wife. But then, my dear *Araminta*, you must know, that you have a Duty to do on your Part too; you must not be satisfied to be passively Virtuous, you must be active likewise, and endeavour to make him so; but not, as I am afraid you do, by ill Humour, or Dis-satisfaction at his Conduct.

If my Lord *Worthy* should happen, by ill Company, to fall into any, or all of those Follies, which I dare say he never will, I should take the very same Method that I would prescribe to you. Well then, my dear *Parthenia* (said *Arteminta*) let me hear your Advice, for if it be no other than you wou'd follow yourself, I am sure I shou'd think the worse of myself if I did not put it in practice.

You have Beauty (assum'd *Parthenia*) you have Youth, you have Sense enough to engage any Man; and the Husband of such a Wife must find it a hard matter to meet with a Mistress half so well qualified to please, if those Perfections are not render'd weak by ill Humours, reproaching Speeches, and a dissatisfied Temper. For if a Man cannot be easy at Home, he naturally seeks for Tranquillity, or at least Diversion Abroad.

A Wife therefore ought in the first Place to study her Husband's Humour exactly, and the more faulty he is the more he is to be courted by sweet Temper and Affability; to see her Merits, and how little he consults his Honour and his Justice, in sacrificing her Content to a Creature that only values Money. It is my Pleasure to study how to please my Lord, and if by Chance I find out any thing agreeable to him, which I knew not before, I lay up the Discovery as a Treasure to make use of as often as I find it will be so.

Man and Wife are one, and to let Trifles, or indeed any Consideration, lead me to disquiet him, it is only punishing myself, who am a Part of him; whereas I reap my share of Content, and of Joy, when he possesses either by my Means.

The very Strumpets they keep, study to flatter them into a Belief of their Endeavours to please them, and to render their Company agreeable, and this only for Gain, for Money, without any Tye of Conscience or Love. And shall not these have Force enough with a virtuous Woman to do as much as those Prostitutes do for Gold?

If they endeavour to make themselves lovely in the Eyes of their Keepers; shall not a Wife do the same in the Eyes of her Husband? The Mistress is always seen Graceful and Clean, and what hinders a Wife (especially of Quality) from enjoying the same Benefit?

If your Husband loves Company and Gaming, let him find it at Home, where 'tis much less dangerous, and equally as diverting. In short, make Home so easy and delightful, that for his own Sake and Pleasure he shall choose it, not being able any where else to find all things so to his Humour. On the contrary, too many Wives make their Husbands uneasy in Trifles, whilst their Obsequiousness to their Wills in all reasonable Things, nay, to prevent their Desires, if possible, would be the surer Way to their own Felicity.

Araminta seem'd pleas'd with *Parthenia's* Advice, and my Lord was not only pleas'd, but touch'd to the Quick for his Transgressions against so incomparable a Wife, who acted what she spoke, and had, besides, more personal Charms than the Woman his false Friend had betray'd him to foster in his Bosom.

My Lord from this Moment began to dislike Sir *Thoughtless*; and *Parthenia* soon after

ter compleated her Conquest. It was agreed, that *Araminta* shou'd endeavour, after a few Days, to put in Practice what she had heard, and that my Lord shou'd invite him to Dinner, where instead of reproaching him, *Parthenia* shou'd address her Discourse to my Lord *Worthy*, as guilty of those Faults, which to my Satisfaction (concluded *Parthenia*) I am thoroughly convinc'd, that you are not.

Araminta follow'd exactly her Directions, and had a little gain'd on her Husband, when they both (as agreed) came to Dinner with my Lord *Worthy*, who saw himself discreetly attack'd by his Wife for his real Faults, while she seem'd to take them only for imaginary.

The Table remov'd, and the Tea almost ready, a Servant comes (as his Lady had order'd it) and tells my Lord, that Sir *John Folly* had sent to enquire after his Health, and desir'd to know whether he might wait on him.

My Lord bid the Servant reply, that he was well, but engag'd about Business, and cou'd see no Company that Day.

Hence *Parthenia* takes the rise of her Discourse. My Lord, (said she to her Husband) a Man of Quality, perhaps, has no more difficult Task, than the Choice of his Friends and Acquaintance; since it is certain, that most, if not all those, who attend on great Men, seek their own Benefit and Advantage from that Attendance; they flatter and encourage their Vices and Follies, since by them they are most likely to gain, and not by their Virtues or Understanding. A Man of Figure and Quality

lity therefore ought to have a jealous Eye on all that apply themselves to them.

If in their Choice, Men of Quality had more Regard to the valuable Merit of the Person, than to the wretched Diversion he affords, they would meet with more Fidelity and Sincerity. But of all these Pests of Society, there are none greater than those *Merry, Laughing* Fellows; my Father, who knew the Town perfectly well, us'd to say, that he never met with one of them, who ever had true Sense, Honour, or Honesty, tho' they are generally call'd *Honest-Fellows*, by a sort of customary Irony.

These are the Men, who lead you young Lords into Gaming, Drinking, and the pursuit of Lewd Women, or any other Vice that is but expensive, for the more so, the more to their Benefit. I know not how it is, but I never see Sir *Thoughtless*, but he puts me in Mind of one *Bounce*, whom my Father us'd to tell a great many Stories about; he liv'd on the Follies of Men of Quality, in such a Port and Equipage, as if his Estate had been very considerable, tho' he had not an Acre of Land in the World; he had a *Thoughtless*, Jolly, and Merry Countenance, which with the Mirth he made, perswaded all that knew him, that he was without Design; whereas it was afterwards discover'd, that he set all his Friends in Gaming, and had Pensions from all their Mistresses, as having, by his Address and cunning Management, provided them their Keepers.

I wou'd not accuse one, your Lordship honours with your Conversation with Crimes of this Nature; but his Merry, Laughing, Thoughtless way, and his living so high on so small a real Income, have often brought my Father's *BOUNCE* into my Head.

Nor,

Nor, indeed, do I believe that he has Art enough to mislead a Man of your good Judgment into Gaming, since you too well know the Consequences of that Vice; tho' a Man of good Sense, may, by Youth and Ill-Company, be surpriz'd into a Folly of any Nature. Human Frailty can't avoid it; but then he soon perceives his Error, and forsakes it.

Fools only mend by their own proper Experience and Cost; but Men of Sense reform by that of other People; and by Reflecting on the Natural Consequences of the Folly or Vice.

A Man of Quality and Sense, for Example, when he is drawn into Gaming, will Reason with himself, and Consider how little and how mean a Figure he must make, when he is reduc'd for a Wretched Subsistence to a narrow Court Pension; and even for that, must vilely submit to be the Tool of every Minister of State. It is an *English* Nobleman's great Prerogative to be born a Senator, a Natural Legislator, and Truſted with the Laws and Liberties of the Land; which when he comes to be this Court Pensioner, he must basely prostitute to every prevailing Party, and Vote as the Ministry command, how contrary soever to his Honour and Conscience, else his poor Subsistence is taken off, and he left to the more scandalous Necessity, by how much the greater his Quality is.

Now, my Lord, I doubt not but you will own, that no Vice in Nature almost can more speedily reduce any Man than Gaming; and if ever any one whom you favour in the most distant Manner, promote your Inclinations to that, you may assure yourself he is the worst of Enemies, how smooth and how plausible a Face soever he may palm on your Credulity.

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The next Vice destructive of an Estate, and the Happiness of a Family, is keeping of a Mistress. What an Estate did my Lord *Frail* squander away on the most abandon'd of Strumpets! What excessive Expences did she daily put him to, without so much as giving him the least share of her Heart! She treated him with Insolence, and abus'd him with her Gallants with the most open Impudence, till he became the Jest of the Town, and the general Object of Contempt.

But, indeed, how can there be any true Love or Friendship in a Strumpet, whose Interest is different from the Man that doats on her! and having quitted the Tyes of Virtue, she has nothing but Pleasure or Profit to think of; and when those have no Bounds, the Gallant is sure to be jilted and undone: A valuable Consideration for the Loss of Virtue and Honour, and the Peace and Reputation of his Family!

The Friendship on the contrary between Man and Wife, as it is cemented by Virtue and Love, so is it made firm and encreases every day from the Union of their Interest, which cannot be separated without Destruction of both their Happiness. Those therefore must be wretched Friends who will lead a Man into either of these Evils; and I congratulate myself that my Lot is falln where there is no Room left for the prevailing of these Pests of Society to my Disquiet; and I think my Happiness so great, that I desire no Encrease, but the Continuance of the Love of my Lord, and Ability for me to endeavour to deserve it.

These last Words she utter'd with such Vehemence, and touch'd her so to the quick, that her Tears, in spite of all her Care, started from her Eyes. Nor were my Lord's without them, who, incapable

incapable of forbearing, threw his Arms about her Neck, and amidst a Thousand Kisses, protested that her Happiness shou'd never be less than it was, but that he wou'd be more careful to encrease it than he had been.

These Transports in my Lord *Worthy* and *Parthenia*, rais'd an Emulation in the other young Pair; *Araminta's* future Conduct, and *Parthenia's* Discourse, made the Lord a perfect Convert to Virtue and Matrimonial Love.

My Lord *Worthy* discarded Sir *Thoughtless*, and all his former wild Acquaintance, and took to graver Conversation, and applied himself to Business, till he made a considerable Figure in the State,

When the Affairs of the Government were over, he retir'd with Satisfaction to his own Family, which of themselves now made a Consort of Musick, and my Lord was delighted with the Voices and Performances of his own Children.

I need not go into the Particulars of the admirable Oeconomy observ'd by *Parthenia* in regard to the Education of her Children, the Management of her Servants, or the like; it is enough to show you the Triumphs of Discretion; to let you know, that after a long and prosperous Life, they died both on the same Day, and were buried both under the same Monument.

The End of PRONIMA's Tale.

There was no body who did not approve of *Pronima's* Tale. I cannot by any Means disapprove of my Mother's History, (saith *Eumathia*) but I must only add, that if a Woman had that

that Advantage of *Learning*, it would perfectly instruct them in the Art of *Prudence* or *Discretion*, which so few of our Sex understanding, it is no wonder that few of them are Mistresses of it.

That would let them, not only into the Nature of the Virtues and Vices of Mankind, but open a Way to them to apply those Remedies which would never fail of Cure. How would the Genius of the Age be improv'd! And how happy would that State of Marriage be, when the Mistress of a Family could take care of a more useful Education of her Children, than now is so much as known!

The Lady of the House finding now that all were silent, thus began :

I have attended with a great deal of Pleasure, to hear all your Discourses, and all your Confirmations of them, by the Tales you have told us ; and if I may decide the Controversy, I think, that to make a Wife perfectly accomp'ish'd, and defective in no part, she should have BEAUTY enough to engage the Frailty of her Husband, WIT enough to divert his Leisure Hours, GOOD HUMOUR and DISCRETION sufficient to make her always acceptable and necessary.

The whole Company applauded this short and just Decision of the Dispute ; and it now growing late, they were all conducted to their Apartments, and our Coach being repair'd, in the Morning we took our Leave of the agreeable Company, and returning our Thanks to the Noble Lord and his Lady, we went on our Journey.

25 AP 65

FINIS.

